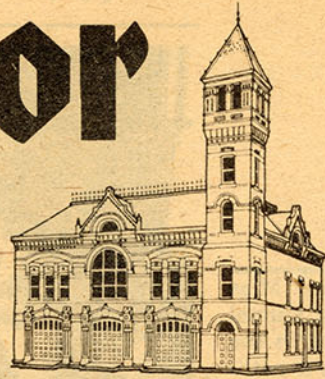


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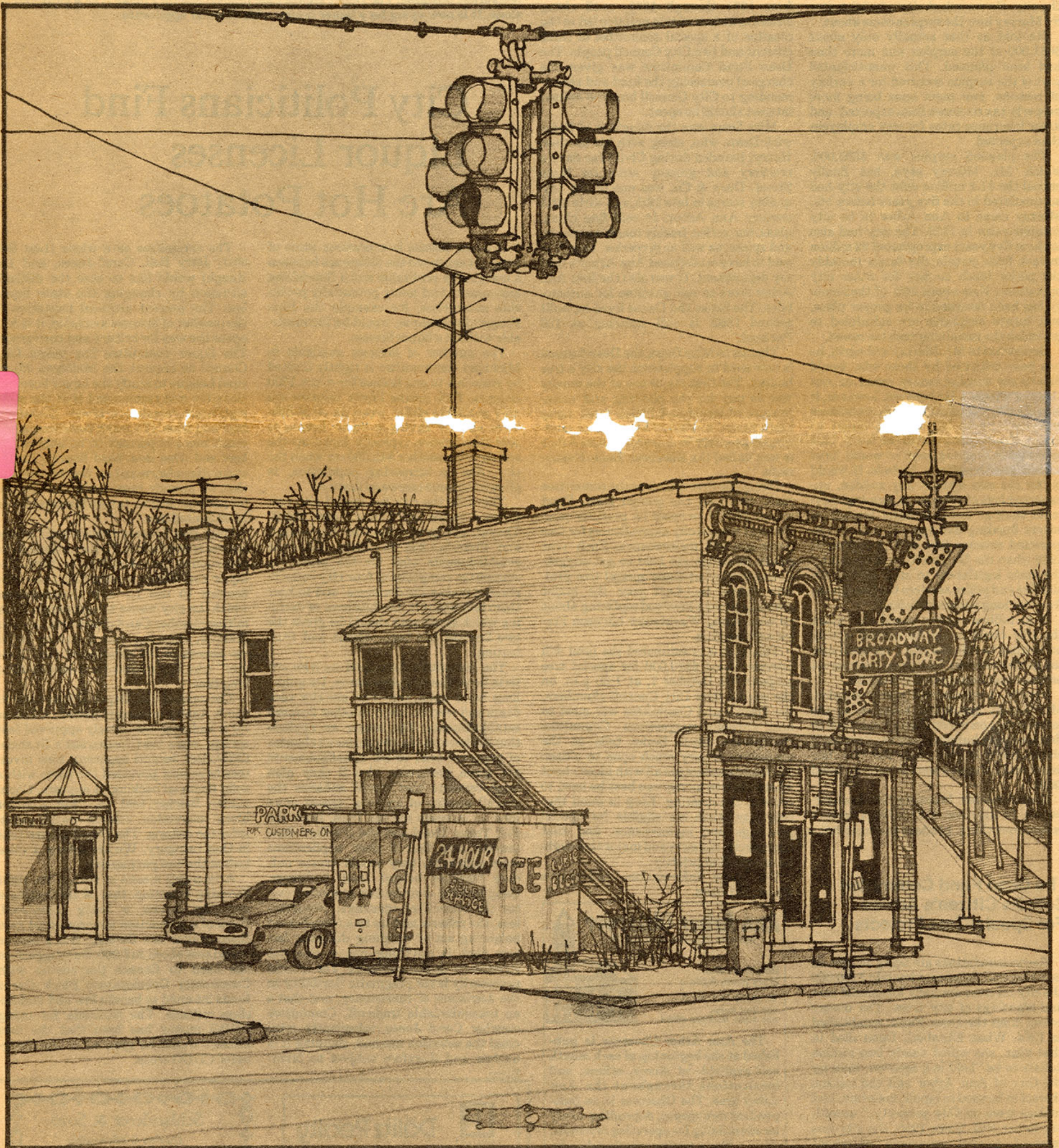


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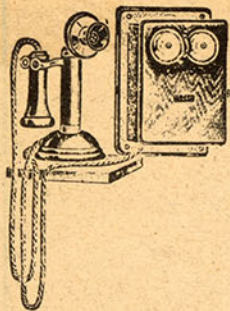
Ann Arbor, Michigan

SERVING CENTRAL ANN ARBOR

October, 1976



Doug Kassabaum drew the Broadway Party Store because it's one of his favorite buildings in town. He is an architect with Preservation Urban Design.



Update

The City Has a Surplus

The city's recently revealed general fund surplus of \$951,000 for the past year raised some eyebrows, given the lay-offs and other austerity measures taken by the city. So we asked city administrator Sy Murray how the surplus came about.

He told us that actually only about \$651,000 of the surplus was more than had been planned. This unanticipated part of the surplus occurred for a variety of reasons, two main ones being more property tax revenues than expected, and lower insurance rates for city employees than expected.

The planned surplus was \$300,000, which, Mr. Murray says, has finally erased the \$1.2 million debt the city had accumulated in the five years before Mr. Murray came to Ann Arbor to be city administrator in 1973. The city had also in those five years expropriated \$2 million in cash from certain city funds (notably the parks fund) to pay for other city operations. Now about 46% of that money has been returned to its proper place, and future surpluses are scheduled to replenish the remaining cash borrowed.

Somewhat to Mr. Murray's chagrin, he has been criticized by those who would like to see surplus money spent on one thing or another. He believes, however, it is in the city's interest to balance the city's books but also to have about \$1 million drawing interest in the bank. This substantial ongoing reserve would have several positive effects, he feels. It would buffer the city against any sudden, unexpected loss of revenue or required payment such as losing a major lawsuit or severe flooding damage. (It was an unexpected revenue loss of \$1.8 million in 1968 when the University was forced by the state legislature to stop paying for city fire and police services that began the five year long budget deficits.)

A \$1 million reserve would also mean the city could avoid its annual spring borrowing to tide the city over until new tax money came in. Last year, the interest on these loans amounted to \$42,750.

Finally, a substantial yearly surplus, Mr. Murray maintains, keeps down the interest rate on bonds the city must sell to finance major building projects because it shows bond buyers that the city has uncommitted cash assets to back up bond sales.

Some label Mr. Murray a fiscal conservative. In his view, a \$1 million reserve reflects one thing: prudent management. •

The Dean Fund Committee Solicits Citizen's Advice For Special Tree Projects

Recommendations are being sought on how to spend the approximately \$100,000 the city receives annually for special care and plantings of city trees. The money comes from the Dean Fund, established in 1964. When Elizabeth Dean died in that year, she willed nearly two million dollars to be "held in a separate fund by the City of Ann Arbor and the income thereof to be used to repair, maintain, and replace trees on City property," according to her will. Since 1965, the city has received annual payments of about \$80,000 to \$110,000, the amount representing that year's interest from the fund.

The broad specifications in Miss Dean's will for the use of the annual interest payment to the city has, in the past, created controversy. There is nothing in the will to keep the city from simply assimilating this extra money into the city's forestry budget, thereby having no more effect than to help the city balance its budget. This, in fact, is what happened from 1971 through 1973, until rising citizen criticism of this practice led to the creation of a special committee of three citizens and two City Council people. The Dean Fund Committee was given the charge of overseeing the fund and recommending to City Council how the annual interest should be spent.

Miss Dean was the daughter of Sedgwick Dean, who, along with his brother, Henry, founded during Civil War days a crockery and grocery store on Main Street. Dean & Co. was one of the top-quality stores in late 19th and early 20th century Ann Arbor. It sold fine china, glass, tea, coffee, freshly roasted peanuts, and spices, as well as groceries. Dean's is said to have established Ann Arbor's first toy department. It was also the first Ann Arbor store to sell gasoline for automobiles. The house the Deans lived in, built around 1860, is still standing at 120 Packard.

Thanks to Miss Dean, the Dean fortune is now used to supplement the city's tree budget. The first major use of the money was to pay for the planting and maintenance of locust and linden trees along Main Street in 1965. The city of landscaped greenery in downtown Ann Arbor is now called the Elizabeth Dean Promenade.

One of the first decisions the committee made was that the annual Dean Fund money should be spent on projects additional to normal city expenditures for tree plantings and maintenance. Each year public meetings are held to get suggestions about what these special tree projects should be. Last year the major planting project involved replacing about 80 trees along Washtenaw between Forest and Stadium.

This year it is estimated the fund will provide about \$110,000 for special tree projects. On October 7, at 7:30 p.m. on the second floor City Council chambers, the Dean Fund Committee will meet to hear citizen's suggestions. Committee chairperson Joyce Bader tells us the committee is very much open to citizen input and encourages all with ideas about where the tree money can best be used to come to the meeting. Keep in mind that only city lands are eligible for special plantings and maintenance, and that commercial districts and major thoroughfares have first priority.

For more information, call Joyce Bader, 761-3186.

Ann Arbor Observer

SERVING CENTRAL ANN ARBOR

Don Hunt and Mary Hunt, Editors

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Ann Arbor, Michigan 48104



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Supply and Demand Are 'Way Out of Balance'



A liquor license can sometimes be the difference between success and failure in the restaurant business. The Depot House Cafe (above) couldn't make it as a coffeehouse alone. It is now vying for a liquor license with 22 other applicants.

City Politicians Find Liquor Licenses Are Hot Potatoes

A liquor license is a precious piece of paper. It can mean the difference between a marginally profitable and a flourishing restaurant. And many potentially profitable enterprises, for example the Blue Frogge discotheque, would be inconceivable without a liquor license.

The number of licenses available in Michigan communities is tightly limited by state law to one license for every 1500 citizens. This means liquor licenses are only available either when an establishment already having a liquor license is sold (the license typically jacks up the selling price another \$40,000) or when the city, due to increasing population, is allowed to issue more new licenses.

This year the city has issued two new licenses, to the Bell Tower Hotel, 300 S. Thayer, and to the Stadium Restaurant and Pizzeria, 338 S. State. Some 24 establishments vied for the prizes. A committee composed of four city councilpersons makes the decisions, and to hear them talk about it, the business of deciding which applicants should be given the two licenses has been tedious and frustrating.

The committee developed its own criteria for evaluating applicants. Its guidelines favor applicants who are city residents and who do not own other licensed establishments. The longer an application has been on file, the better its chances of approval tend to be. Establishments are given preference also if they plan improvements that would enhance the overall quality of an area, create more jobs, or increase the tax base. Both the Bell Tower Hotel and the Stadium Restaurant said that if their applications were approved, they would create outdoor terraces behind their buildings. Geographical distribution is another factor the committee considers. Nevertheless, the criteria add up to a complicated balancing act of weighing different factors that is anything but a clear-cut formula for decision-making. The criteria necessarily favor pragmatic flexibility to the detriment of consistency, and that's an uncomfortable trade-off. Committee member Carol Jones vehemently criticized the selection method, claiming it is unclear and therefore subject to favoritism.

The committee as a whole (Lou Belcher, Jerry Bell, Carol Jones, and Liz Keogh) would like to ease the difficult situation by changing the state liquor law. The present artificial limitation of the number of licenses available, it is felt, opens the way for bribery and corruption. The liquor committee has asked City Council to request the Michigan Municipal League to study the liquor licensing situation and recommend that the state legislature reinstate a tavern license for beer and wine. (To many restaurants, it's much more important to be able to sell beer and wine than hard liquor.) Liquor committee chairman Lou Belcher reasons that we already have unlimited licenses for package stores; tavern licenses should be unlimited, too.

Only five licenses remain until a new census is conducted. Under ordinary circumstances that would be in 1980. The liquor committee is reserving those five licenses to use for new developments which the city wants to encourage. Committee member Carol Jones opposes this practice, charging that it favors larger developers at the expense of the "little guy" who has waited for a license for a long time.

The case of the Depot House Cafe at 415 S. Ashley is being reviewed. A license for it had been tentatively approved last spring, when that restaurant's financial difficulties became apparent. New investors have now provided the place with a solid financial backing, it appears. Councilman Belcher told us, "For a major block renovation, council would reconsider the criteria. The Depot House falls in that category. We are taking a close look at the new partnership."

A stop-gap means of easing the tight licensing situation, that of conducting a new city census, is being considered. Proof of a population increase could gain three or four new licenses. But a census would cost about \$12,000. One suggestion has been to finance the census with Community Development Block Grant funds intended to benefit low and middle-class citizens. The rationale for using CDBG money has been that the new licenses would be granted in the designated CDBG areas.



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Update/ Continued

The U-M Has Been Keeping Salaries Competitive

It may come as a surprise that the average salary of University of Michigan faculty members is \$26,700. But, it appears, this hefty figure is what it takes these days to keep the University in competition with other major universities across the country. Competition is particularly fierce for top-flight professors, and if Michigan's salaries lag, it will be increasingly difficult to attract and hold these academic "stars."

If top faculty members are lured away to other universities, other aspects of the University would likely suffer: the quality of students applying to Michigan, the overall quality of other academics wanting to teach at the University, and the amount of research funding. In recent years of relative reductions in state funding the University has had to cut programs and services to maintain competitive salaries.

FACULTY COMPENSATION: HOW U-M COMPARES

Institution	Av. Comp.	All Ranks
	Comp. in thous. \$	Rank
Harvard	28.7	1
Stanford	27.4	2
Chicago	27.3	3
Columbia	27.1	4
U. of Michigan	26.7	5
U. of California	26.2	6
Northwestern	25.7	7
Yale	25.4	8
Princeton	25.2	9
Wisconsin	24.5	10

Average faculty salaries of Michigan and its top nine competitors, courtesy of the University Record.

In a report by a faculty committee given to the Board of Regents on September 16, it was estimated that an 11.5% increase in salaries will be needed for the 1977-78 fiscal year to maintain a "superior academic enterprise." In computing such an increase, salaries at Michigan's "peer institutions" (the universities Michigan views as its major rivals for faculty) are used as a base. The 11.5% increase, if adopted, will improve Michigan's position among these key competitors.

The final decision about faculty salaries is up to the Board of Regents, who will decide some time before the year is out. •

Out-of-Town Investors Have Purchased Goodyear's

Goodyear's department store, a fixture on Main Street for 88 years, was sold early last month to a group of Detroit area investors, ending fifty years of ownership by the Pargh and Proud families.

The principal new owners, Philip Fischer, Stanley Berger, and Joseph Radom, form a team of management and financial consultants who buy and, in Mr. Fischer's words, "build and develop businesses." Presently they own businesses in the medical, steel fabrication, and retailing fields.

"We only go after places with good management and sound concepts," Mr. Fischer said. "Goodyear's is a store of the highest integrity in financial and merchandising practice. It is the type of investment we wanted for ourselves."

Goodyear's strengths lie in several areas, according to Mr. Fischer: its quality of service, its loyal charge customers, and its credit strength with suppliers. In addition, Goodyear's owns considerable downtown real estate: the buildings occupied by Meuhlig's and Fischer Hardware as well as Goodyear's building itself.

The major investors have backgrounds in law and finance, not retailing. They have brought in Henry Moses as vice-president and merchandising manager. He has 16 years of experience in buying women's ready-to-wear for the Winkelman chain. At Goodyear's he will coordinate and assist the regular buyers and strengthen the fashion image by adding well-known lines of contemporary classics to appeal to younger women. The menswear department will also be strengthened.

Donna Moran will continue to oversee the store's day-to-day operations as vice-president and operations manager of the William Goodyear Co. She began at Goodyear's in 1953 as a bookkeeper and has been operations manager for the past five years.

Mr. Fischer predicts that Goodyear's will grow. Last year the store grossed about \$2,500,000, approximately 6% above the years before. He intends to work with the Chamber of Commerce and other downtown organizations to help solve the downtown parking problem. In the past Goodyear's has maintained an extremely independent position vis-a-vis other downtown merchants. •



Historic architecture on the North Side has been surveyed and results are being evaluated to lay the groundwork for a Northside Historic District. These Greek Revival cottages at 1219 and 1223 Traver probably date from the 1830's.

The Historic District Commission: Planning Before the Crises Develop

There has been a marked change in public attitude toward historic buildings in the past decade. The time was not long ago, when an interesting old building was torn down, the chief attention paid the event was from people attracted by the spectacle of its demolition. But these days there is a growing feeling that important buildings from an area's past are in some way a part of the public domain.

Hence our community, like many others, had adopted laws which prohibit the removal or significant alteration of buildings designated historic by city ordinance. The citizen body which deals with designating historic buildings is the nine-member Historic District Commission, appointed by the mayor with the approval of council. Although the commission has been in existence for five years, it has gained the reputation in some quarters as a less-than-forceful watchdog of Ann Arbor's architectural heritage.

At its first fall meeting, however, the commission gave every indication of approaching its responsibilities with foresight and intelligent consideration, rather than waiting until a crisis develops, as often is the case in historic preservation. Vacancies created last spring have been filled by the appointments of Rosemarion Blake and Rick Neumann and the reappointment of Kingsbury Marzolf. The commission meets on the second Thursday of each month at 3:30 in the Kempf House, 312 S. Division.

Concerns about two historic buildings, the old Post Office on North Main Street and the little Amtrak depot, were discussed at the September meeting. The commission is contacting federal and state agencies involved with the future of the soon-to-be-vacated Post Office in order to avert the kind of situation that occurred when the Masonic Temple was acquired and demolished for the Federal Building parking lot. In that case, concern for the building was expressed too late to have any positive effect.

The historical research and documentation necessary to nominate the Post Office to the National Register for Historic Places has been done by Ernest Mohr, at student in Kingsbury Marzolf's historic preservation architecture class at the U-M College of Architecture and Urban Planning. National Register documentation enables historic surplus properties owned by the GSA (General Ser-

vices Administration) to be sold to local governmental units that agree to preserve them, for the nominal sum of \$1. Right now, however, the Postal Service still owns the building.

The little Amtrak station occupying the former Railway Express office in the old Michigan Central depot has a different sort of problem. It is too small to accommodate the crowds who use the station to ride on Amtrak's busy Chicago-Detroit run (the company's most popular line nationwide). People are getting soaked in the rain because there's not enough room under the canopy. The depot can't expand because Amtrak property includes the building but not the surrounding land, which now belongs to the Gandy Dancer restaurant. The Commission is contacting Amtrak, the State Department of Transportation, and Gandy Dancer owner Chuck Muer about the situation. The restaurant could consider providing an attractive enclosed waiting area with a bar, commission members suggested.

Several major Historic District Commission projects are underway. Recently-hired part-time staff person Louisa Pieper is developing a file of documentary photographs and information on buildings that have been given historic markers, and on all "A" and "B" buildings in the Downtown Historic Buildings Survey.

A special committee of the commission is publishing a popularly-priced illustrated book on 75 central area historic buildings with a grant from the Ann Arbor Historical Foundation. Marjorie Reade has spent two years researching the buildings.

Groundwork for a Northside Historic District is being laid. Field research on Northside historic buildings was conducted by Kingsbury Marzolf's preservation class last year. Buildings will soon be evaluated as to their architectural importance by preservation architects Dick Frank, Kingsbury Marzolf, and Rick Neumann. They hope to finish by November. Then a survey map can be drawn up and distributed to use in planning and in forming a Northside Historic District.

Other historic districts are projected for the future, including one in the Washtenaw-Hill area. Historic districts consist of one or more designated and protected historic buildings, which need not be contiguous. •

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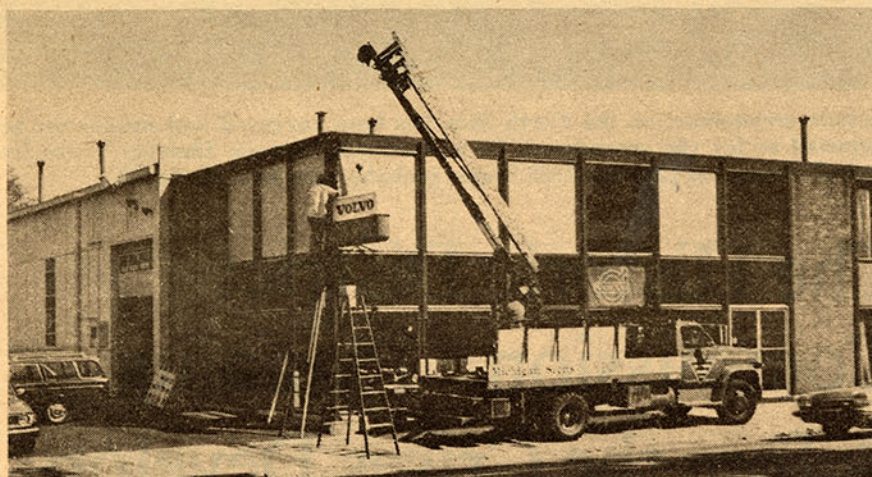
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Update/ Continued

Visibility and Aesthetics are Weighed in Making Sign Ordinance Compromises



Volvo Gets a New Sign

Ann Arbor, Volvo, which recently moved to its present location at 505 E. Huron, finally got its sign up on September 15. The event seems commonplace enough, but it actually marked the end of an almost three-month-long attempt by the car dealer to try and get the city to allow it to put up a sign which does not conform with the city's sign ordinance.

Many aren't aware that Ann Arbor was one of the first cities in the country to adopt a law severely restricting the size and placement of outdoor commercial signs. The size of such signs, their height, location, illumination, and the number of words on them are limited by the law. The city's first sign ordinance, adopted in 1966, was prompted by an enormous sign erected on W. Stadium across from Big Goerge's. "It was a monstrosity," remembers Doug Crary, who was then a City Council and Planning Commission member. The eyesore helped galvanize support for some sort of legislation, and Mr. Crary along with others dug up

background information on which new legislation could be based. Actually, there wasn't much precedent at the time for such a law, and when Ann Arbor's law was passed, it served as a model for many communities around the country.

The sign companies, of course, saw this law as a threat to their livelihood, and their lawsuits have caused the sign ordinance to be modified several times since its initial adoption. The current sign ordinance, adopted in 1975, is now being contested in court by a billboard company called Central Advertising, which believes that it is unreasonable to place restrictions on putting up billboards.

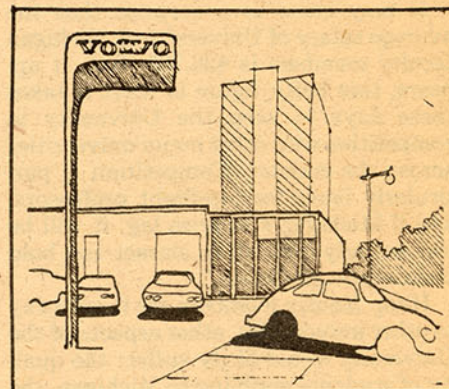
The Volvo case is a good example of the kinds of compromises businesses have to make under the sign law. On April 23 of this year Volvo requested a variance from the Sign Board of Appeals, a seven-member body appointed by City Council which has authority to grant exceptions to the sign law when unique difficulties in complying can be demonstrated. Volvo

asked permission to erect a thirty-foot-high sign which would come within five feet of the firm's front property line (the sidewalk). Such a sign would violate the sign law in several ways. First, maximum permitted height of signs is 25 feet, five feet under what Volvo requested. More significantly, the sign ordinance, designed to keep tall signs away from the street, specifies that a sign's distance from the front property line must be twice the height of the sign. In Volvo's case, this would mean erecting a sign 60 feet from the sidewalk, instead of the five feet requested.

The argument Volvo gave for such a major departure from sign ordinance specifications was that the national Volvo corporation demands that its standard sign be erected at every Volvo car dealership. Furthermore, the Huron Street location is such that only a sign thirty feet or higher would be visible from the east, due to trees and the height of the firm's building.

After hearing Volvo's request, the Sign Board of Appeals deferred a decision and suggested that Volvo management get together with city officials in Planning and Building and Safety. That meeting took place on June 3rd, and several alternatives were generated. The alternative Volvo finally decided to go with was a different type of sign altogether. The Volvo Corporation, it turns out, does make an alternative sign for inner-city locations which attaches to the building and extends out six feet. This is two feet beyond what the sign ordinance permits, but because of the relatively small disparity involved and the fact that this was the smallest sign available to the Volvo dealership, the Board of Appeals on July 13 met and approved Volvo's request for a variance. The sign permit was issued August 6th, and the sign went up September 15.

Ann Arbor's sign law clearly has created difficulties for many Ann Arbor busi-



The sign Ann Arbor Volvo originally wanted to put up, drawn by Marc Reuter of the City Planning Department.



Ann Arbor Volvo, 505 E. Huron, approached from the west.

nesses. When a business wants to put up a sign, it must conform to restrictions which may result in reduced visibility for the sign. From a broader perspective, however, few would deny that the law has had a beneficial effect on Ann Arbor's visual environment. In the long run, sign law proponents argue, the overall look of the community may have a more positive effect on business than obtrusive signs. •

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Update/ Continued

Short News Items

Construction of the New Earle Jazz Club is already underway. The six local lending institutions cooperating to finance the project finally got together on all the details for underwriting the first phase of renovation of the 90-year-old former hotel at Washington and Ashley. The DeKoning Construction Company is doing the work, which includes not only the basement jazz club itself but also making a Washington Street entrance through the space occupied by 16 Hands, the cooperative crafts store. DeKoning is aiming for the entrance completion by December 1, so 16 Hands can move back in in time for the busy Christmas gift-buying season.

Funding for a downtown "Circulator" bus route has been requested in the Ann Arbor Transportation Authority's application for a one-year demonstration grant from the state. The proposed route would go from Main Street to the campus and University Hospital areas along Catherine and either William or Liberty. Thus it would connect all the major pedestrian commercial areas: Main Street, State Street, South University, the hospitals, and the Farmers' Market. Ten small busses (seating 20 to 30 passengers) would make the loop, five going in each direction. If the state approves the project, AATA planner Tom Hackley said, "Optimistically we could have it going in a year. Vehicle procurement is a problem."

The much-disputed expansion of the Gandy Dancer restaurant, which involved enclosing the baggage platform, is now complete. The new dining areas, a trackside garden room and the renovated stone baggage room, are now open, and landscaping work is almost done. Owner Chuck Muer celebrated the event, which increases his restaurant's capacity from 125 to 225, with a dinner party on September 8 for local officials and press people and for benefactors of the Michigan Arttrain.

Bill Lagoudakis, owner of The Stadium Restaurant at 338 S. State, is planning a summertime outdoor cafe behind the restaurant, where cars are now parked. It would seat from 20 to 40 people. Mr. Lagoudakis envisions something like Dominick's, with a railing to define the cafe area.

The parks planning committee wants to hear about what people want in Ann Arbor parks and what they'd like to see changed. Operations of neighborhood parks are of great concern to neighborhood residents, and unfortunately communications between residents and the Parks Department have not always been the best. (A recent example was about West Park. Work crews installing improved softball playing fields there told residents that lights for nighttime league softball play similar to Vets' Park were planned. Many neighbors felt that heavily-scheduled night play would disrupt the neighborhood. City Council members got into the act, and the lights were ruled out.)

To improve communications and get solid community input in revising the parks plan, the officially-appointed Parks and Open Space Plan Revision Committee is holding a long series of hearings in different neighborhoods. The committee is most concerned about developing and maintaining existing parks. At present many city parcels are completely unmaintained.

"Come and tell the committee about how you feel about Ann Arbor parks," says committee member Mona Walz. A partial list of hearings at central-area locations is listed here. For further information, call the Parks Department at 994-2780.

Date	Place	Room	Time
October 5	N. Main Community Center		8 PM
October 13	Slauson School	Cafeteria	8 PM
October 14	Michigan Union	Kuenzel	8 PM
October 16	Public Library	Meeting room	2 PM
October 19	Angell School	Lunchroom	8 PM
October 21	Northside School	Library	8 PM
October 26	Burns Park School	Auditorium	8 PM

The city properties acquired for the defeated Packard-Beakes bypass—Where exactly are they? What could and should they be used for? What led up to the defeat of that project? A "Packard Beakes Bypass Report" assembled by the City Planning Department and published in September tells the story in detail. The city can retain the parcels or sell them to encourage development consistent with the Downtown Plan. The report recommends high-density housing as a first priority on the large Main Street parcel directly at the end of Packard and medium-density housing for the lot at the southwest corner of Ashley and William. Though the report is difficult to dip into piecemeal, as a whole it's interesting because it chronicles the background and development of the project into a volatile political issue.

COMINGS AND GOINGS: The Old Furniture Shop has moved from 211 N. Main into the small building at 307 S. Fifth Avenue, next to Dalitz Realty. The shop, owned by Dean Partee, specializes in wood furniture made before 1930. It's open Thursday afternoon and all day Friday and Saturday.

Jason's, a new ice cream shop that will also serve low-sugar fruit and yogurt desserts, will open in the old VIP drug store at 213 S. State.

Complete Cuisine, Ltd. will move into the vacant space at 324 S. Main within a month. Sandi Cooper, one-time Kitchen Port manager, will run the store, which will offer cooking lessons and sell cookware and gourmet food items.

Excerpts from



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by Julian Moody

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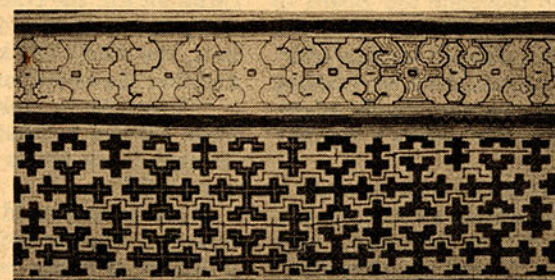
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Perspective

Mayor Albert Wheeler

Albert Wheeler Remembers: Part Two

This is Part Two of "Albert Wheeler Remembers," a two-part series reporting the reminiscences of Ann Arbor's 54th mayor. In the first part, published in our August issue, we told of Mayor Wheeler's boyhood and education, culminating in an appointment in 1952 to the U-M faculty. This second and final part covers Mr. Wheeler's growing involvements in Ann Arbor politics in the late 1940's to his experiences as mayor.

"Raising hell"—that's how the generally mild-mannered Mayor Wheeler of 1976 characterizes his activities in Ann Arbor between 1950 and 1970. Friends and critics would probably agree on that point: as Ann Arbor's most persistent and often angriest advocate for civil rights and minority opportunity, he did indeed raise hell.

Wheeler's public career as civil rights activist started inconspicuously. He came to town in 1938 to get his Ph.D. in Public Health, and in 1939 married Emma Montieth, a graduate student from South Carolina. After exerting considerable pressure and securing an out-of-City loan, they were able to buy a house on Eighth Street, outside the acknowledged black parts of town, and 1952, after eight years as a research associate at University Hospital, Wheeler was asked to join the medical faculty.

In advancing his own interest for his job and his home, Wheeler had become an activist of sorts, but he had few ties with the small, conservative Ann Arbor black community until the mid-1940's when he joined a black softball team that played regularly in the City Softball League. Most of the black community was interested in this team and many turned out for the games. Before long Wheeler was known not only as "Doc" but as the skinny but slick third baseman for Mac's Athletics, which one year won the State Championship in its class. The respect he won and the friends he made in the athletic sphere enabled Wheeler to establish good mutual relations with the black community including some of its leaders. Wheeler recalled that the one established resident who most encouraged his involvement in the community and who was instrumental in his acceptance by church and black civic groups was Mrs. Cora Rumsey, now age 94.

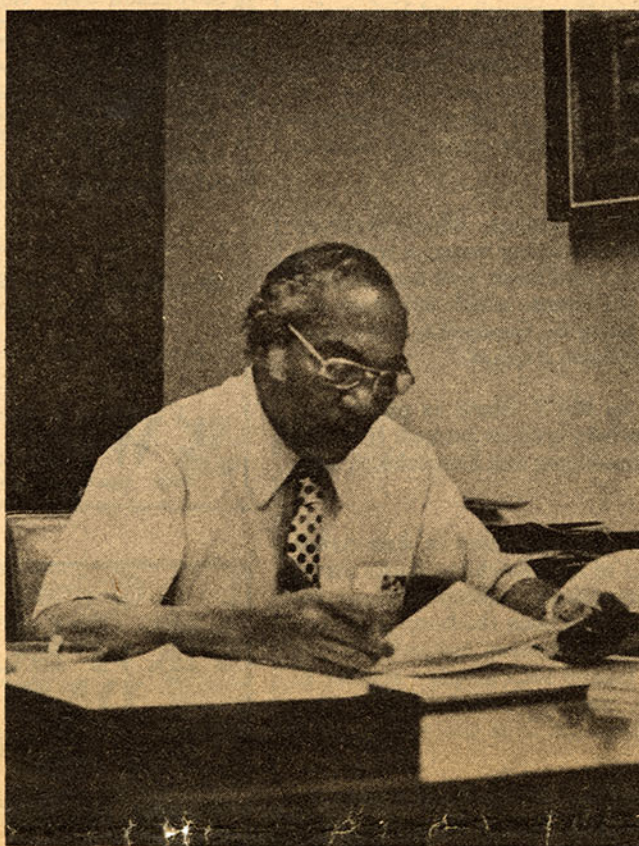
In 1949, a group of black leaders organized the Ann Arbor Civic Forum to discuss the problems of blacks in Ann Arbor. A year later, Wheeler became its president and developed a long range plan to attack the basic problems faced by Ann Arbor's blacks, such as housing, employment, education, and political activism. Wheeler served as a Civic forum leader until 1954 when the long inactive local Branch of the NAACP was reorganized.

Ever since World War One, the Democratic Party had been more or less moribund as an organized group in Ann Arbor. In 1950, Wheeler along with Neil Staebler, Art and Becky Eastman, Warren and Ann Smith and about four other liberals (all except Staebler then being with the University), worked to revitalize the Democratic Party. They concentrated on civil rights, Wheeler says, because they lacked a more immediately attractive issue which could unite them.

As a Democratic and NAACP leader, Wheeler argued for changes before City Council and the Board of Education. This pressure finally helped persuade the Board to hire its first black teacher in 1955. Wheeler's first attempts in the area of job and housing discrimination were to lobby for City Charter provisions for commissions on housing and human relations. These provisions were finally adopted in 1956, although the commissions weren't actually formed until 1958.

A city fair housing law, the first in the state to make it illegal to discriminate against minorities wanting to buy houses, was a major civil rights victory. "We had a very strong coalition between the NAACP and the churches," Wheeler recalls. "The thing became known as the clergyman's ordinance. Some of the clergy paid for their vigorous support for this law by losing financial contributions to their churches, and some were transferred out of the City."

Fair housing went largely unenforced until 1963, when an Atomic Energy Commission project was proposed for Ann Arbor. It would have created many jobs. Wheeler took advantage of this opportunity to point out at a public



hearing the housing difficulties blacks experienced in Ann Arbor. He followed up by compiling data on housing for blacks in town and sent it to the AEC. As a result, Wheeler reports, "a lot of people locally were on my tail when the AEC civil rights commission found out what I'd told them was true." In the end, the AEC decided not to locate its project in Ann Arbor, but from that time on it established the policy of making a civil rights evaluation of communities where it might locate projects. And from that point, the city took its fair housing law more seriously.

Wheeler also played a major role in getting public housing, which allowed low-income workers at places like University Hospital to live in the town where they worked. He was active in establishing the U-M Opportunity Awards for minorities and in supporting the BAM (Black Action Movement) strike in 1970, acting as liaison between the University Administration, the student strike organizers and concerned members of the State Legislature.

All Wheeler's activities and the publicity they brought earned him the reputation of a troublemaker with a knack for drawing attention to what he perceived was wrong. But Wheeler feels he was hardly an exhibitionist. To effect changes, he says, "all of those things had to be done with some overt aggressiveness. We were just pressing in those days. You don't go into battle with one hand tied behind you, you go to the last legal limits of what you can do."

He recalls, "We had pickets in front of City Hall every Monday night for a year. When the building was dedicated in 1965, it was postponed three times because of our demonstrating. When Ann Arbor received the All-American Cities award, the NAACP built a casket, painted it black, and put it in front of City Hall with a replica of the award in it. We didn't think the city was worthy of the award, and that the award junk ought to be buried."

"Those things created a lot of hostility," Wheeler admits. "When I became Mayor, I think a lot of people thought I was gonna dump all the white people and raise more hell."

While he continued to press for change in the late 1960's, however, Wheeler developed a reputation as a moderating influence in many tense situations that arose as black militant groups came to overshadow the traditional civil rights groups. Wheeler played the mediator between the authorities and White Panther demonstrators when the South University incidents in 1968 threatened to escalate into violence between the street people and Sheriff Harvey's men. Wheeler intervened on several occasions in near-confrontations between blacks, whites, and the police on the Ann Street block, in front of the old Schwaben Inn

on Ashley, and in many student-public school confrontations, locally and statewide. As state president of the NAACP, he was called to defuse racial confrontations in other places as well, notably Benton Harbor, Hamtramack and at Ferris State in Big Rapids. "I could almost always cool things down," Wheeler says. "But I look back sometimes and think I was crazy to step into those conflicts." It was dangerous, having to move in and appeal to groups of intensely angry black youths (often across from equally angry whites) to negotiate rather than resort to violence. At such times only a person with Wheeler's hell-raising credentials had any credibility with the black people involved.

Wheeler's professional and political life changed abruptly in the 1970's. Because federal equal opportunity and social programs had been established, he felt the pressure for social change had abated. At Cardinal Dearden's invitation, he decided to take a leave of absence from his U-M academic post in Microbiology to become Director of Christian Services for the eight-county Archdiocese of Detroit. (Wheeler had converted to Catholicism over twenty years before.) Professionally he changed from the role of researcher and teacher to that of administrator. He commuted daily to Detroit and directed the embryonic Catholic programs for human rights, for political education, for problems of the aged and youth, and for health care, as well as the established social services programs.

Halfway through this tenure, he began to realize that many of the "good acts" the Church was performing through his department were little understood by the Catholic parishioners, who in some cases weren't even sensitized or sympathetic to helping the disadvantaged. He concluded that church-related social service programs are no different from state-supported programs if the full interest of the 1,500,000 area Catholics weren't behind them. Wheeler therefore developed a mechanism to sensitize each parish to justice as a Christian obligation—justice in this context meaning the elimination of poverty and racism. "In general," Wheeler says, "parishes and parishioners had a very myopic vision and undirected involvement in attacks on poverty and racism."

After four years Wheeler decided to leave the Christian Services position. The University had told him that he was nearing the end of the leave-time he would be granted. He had suffered a heart attack the year before, and the drive to and from Detroit every day had become a burden. At Cardinal Dearden's request, Wheeler remains on the Archdiocese's Program Review Committee of four bishops and two laypeople who approve and coordinate annual objectives, programs and budgets of all Archdiocesan departments and offices.

When Wheeler returned to the University in July of 1974, he had to decide how to resume his faculty career in the Medical School. After a four-year absence from his research projects, he estimated it would take about three years to reestablish his lab and make significant progress again on the research he had been doing on the diagnosis and immunizations for venereal disease. Only a few years after that, he would have to retire. (He was then 58.) So he abandoned his research, decided to concentrate on teaching, and looked around for other areas of involvement.

The following fall the Democratic Party was preparing a list of possible candidates for the office of mayor. It was generally assumed Wheeler wouldn't be interested because of his four-year absence from local politics and his heart attack one year earlier. But Marge Brazer, chairperson of the City Democratic Party, asked Wheeler if he might be interested.

This was not the first time he had been approached about running for mayor. He had been asked to run on two occasions some years before, and had concluded at that time that he was more effective as a critical voice outside of government. But in 1974, Wheeler says, "I thought there were some things I could probably do, so I made up my mind to run for mayor."

There were several aspects of city government that challenged him. "I'd seen the Model Cities program get ripped up by politicians—Republicans, Human Rights and Democrats. There were occasions when city government oversubsidized some of the worst aspects of the program and penalized some of the good ones. I looked about at the public housing we worked so hard to get, and it's a disaster. I thought there was a lack of commitment and deep concern on the part of public officials to provide services

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such as child care, legal services, and health care which so many of our citizens need. I made it very clear to the Democrats what the thrust of my concerns would be, prior to announcing my candidacy."

This was the first time Wheeler ran for office, and overall, campaigning proved to be an unpleasant experience. He was used to speaking out in public on issues. But this often vocal man found himself inhibited when it came to trying to convince people that he was not a one-issue (civil rights) candidate. The need to reach out to thousands of people was wearing, though he made it a point to appear before all the groups that invited him to speak, even when they promised few Democratic votes. His four-year absence from the city had made him a stranger to many newcomers—Independents, Democrats, and especially young people, so he was faced with the additional task of gaining their support.

By election day, it was generally thought that Wheeler's Republican opponent, Jim Stephenson, would edge out a victory. And when most of the votes were counted, Wheeler himself was convinced he had lost. Stephenson was 3000 votes ahead when all the ballots were counted. But because of the third mayoral candidate from the Human Rights Party, Stephenson failed to get a majority of votes. Under the city's preferential voting law, this meant that the HRP's second choice votes for mayor had to be counted. Wheeler doubted he'd pick up the 80% to 85% of the HRP second-choice votes he needed to win, because he had campaigned against the HRP rent-control and day-care funding Charter amendments on the grounds they were too loosely written.

As it turned out, more than 90% of the HRP votes designated Wheeler for second choice, and therefore Wheeler had won by about 120 votes. The Republicans, shocked by an unexpected defeat caused by the city's controversial voting law, decided to contest the legality of the Wheeler victory by seeking to delay his certification of victory by the city and county. They also sought to have the preferential voting law declared unconstitutional. Judicial opinion ordered Wheeler's certification and has upheld the law's constitutionality (which, ironically, has since been repealed by the voters). Although Wheeler's campaign expenses amounted to only \$10,000, the legal expenses since the election have amounted to over \$12,000.

Some may see Wheeler's election to the highest elected post in the city as the crowning achievement in his long public career. But being mayor has been wearing and frustrating for him. Wearing because he spends over forty hours a week on the job, in addition to his nearly full-time appointment as associate professor in the Medical School. The job of mayor has been frustrating because, as a Democratic mayor, he has never had a majority of Democrats on City Council. In 1975-76 the split was five Democrats, five Republicans, with one HRP swing vote; since the Republican upset victory in the First Ward in April, Republicans now hold a 6-5 edge. As a result, all the major legislation and programs Wheeler has proposed have been blocked, and his clout comes only from his mayoral veto, which it takes eight votes to override.

As mayor, Wheeler presides over the almost weekly, often five-to-six-hour-long City Council meetings. Though "an exercise in patience", these marathon legislative meetings are to Wheeler "probably the least difficult part of the job." Theoretically the mayor has some partisan advan-



Elated Wheeler campaign workers gathered April 29th, 1975, after receiving word that Judge Fleming of Jackson had ruled against the Republican appeal of the April 7th mayoral election. From left: Tom Downs, Ted Beals, Mayor Wheeler, LeRoy Cappaert, and Peter DeLoof.

tage in running the Council sessions: he (together with the speakers and as parliamentarian rule what discussion is in order. Republican Council members agree, however, that Wheeler runs the sessions in a fair manner. "I try to stop bickering. I try to allow partisan rebuttals on issues, let everybody say what they want to and get it out and over with. Sometimes I make Democratic council people angrier than Republicans because I try to do it evenhanded."

The city council meetings are the single most visible and time consuming part of being mayor, leading many to believe it is the biggest part of his job. But much more time and work is actually involved. There is setting up the agenda with City Administrator Sy Murray ten days in advance. Then there's questioning city departments on issues coming up for vote, and sometimes double-checking that information from other sources. In this city this is a typically Democratic caution, in Wheeler's case stemming from many years outside city government, when he believed city officials "were foot-dragging on activities and issues affecting blacks and low-income residents".

The Council information packet prepared for each Council session runs from 100 to 200 pages, and just reading through it each time is a massive task. Sunday evenings before Monday Council meetings each party caucuses to discuss forthcoming decisions; that's another two to four hours.

Other mayoral duties include reading and signing contracts and bond issues, representing the Washtenaw County area at monthly regional planning of SEMCOG (South-eastern Michigan Council of Governments), researching and recommending appointments for the twenty-four regular committees and boards appointed by the mayor, and representing the city in a demanding ceremonial capacity.

In addition, in this presidential election year, the mayor is expected to work for and attend meetings for all federal, state and County candidates.

It all adds up to a tight schedule, with four nights a week tied up. "Other nights would be," Wheeler says, "but I just draw the line, and I try to keep Saturday free just so I can have time to sit down, relax, and be myself."

Wheeler's lifestyle of long hours, frequent meetings, and very little recreation is usually what it takes to leave a mark in politics and community service. Many people get burned out after a few years of this hectic existence. Wheeler, now 60, has been active on the civic scene for a long time since he began in the late 1940's. His immediate future centers around whether to run for reelection in April, and so far he's uncertain on which course to follow. He doesn't want to serve another frustrating term as minority-party mayor, so, depending on his sense of city Democratic possibilities in the next election, he may run again or may return to full-time University responsibilities and find some other area of social involvement. If Wheeler is not the mayor after April 1977, he states that "a high priority item for my future community involvement is to recap and publicize the knowledge of who runs this City based on 25 years as a community activist outsider and the last two years as mayor."

Despite a lifetime of accomplishment in his professional field of microbiology, in civil rights, in social justice for the Archdiocese of Detroit and the National Catholic Church, and in politics, Al Wheeler is not inclined to sit back on his laurels. In many ways, he is as dissatisfied as ever, but with broader concerns. Merely integrating children in school and opening up the housing market has not broken the cycle of poverty to achieve true equal opportunity, and that has been disillusioning for someone who has, in his own words, "worked and raised hell" for so long to alleviate inequality. Tenacious Al Wheeler is still plugging for social change through governmental means. He made his mind up over two decades ago when he and his wife decided to settle here that he would change some things. He hasn't stopped acting on that resolution yet.

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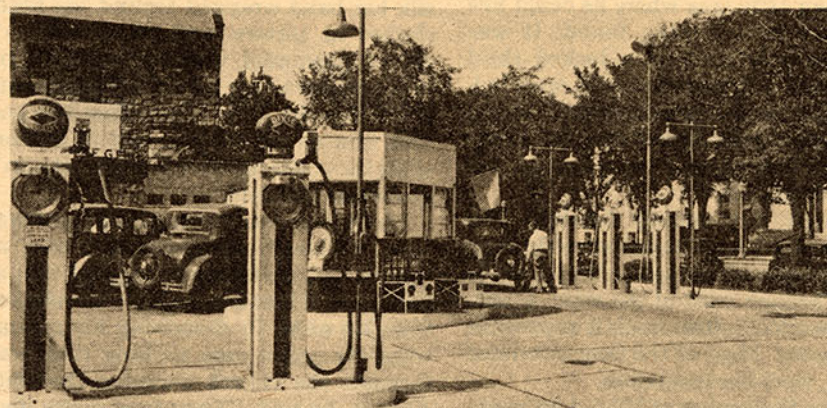


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The Staebler Oil Co. filling station on State Street, where the LS&A is today. C. 1935.

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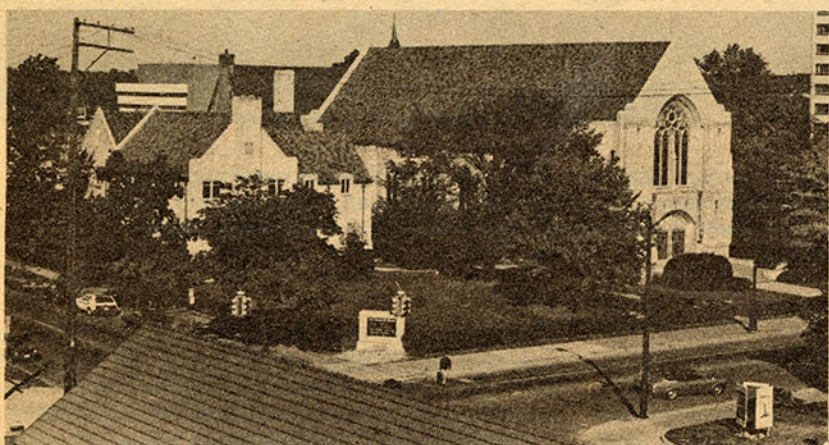
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Local History

For Four Years a Hermit in a Church Attic



The First Methodist Church at Huron and State, Lim's secret residence from 1955 to 1959.

The Self-Imprisonment Of Chheng Guan Lim

On bright, crisp early October days, when the college year is fresh and unsullied by impending mid-term exams and late papers, it's easy to forget the anxieties that beset nearly every college student during his or her course of study. The terrible times when one does anything to escape from the prospect of being evaluated—sleeping late, going drinking, afternoon movies, weekends away, or, more serious forms of avoidance—dropping courses, changing majors, dropping out entirely.

Back in 1955, the need of one U-M student to escape academic pressures plunged him into a self-perpetuating existence of avoidance. In the fall of that year, Chheng Guan Lim, a native of Singapore, holed himself up in a remote, poorly insulated attic of the First Methodist Church on State Street. For the next four years, he would spend almost all of his time in the church building. Never once during those 48 months did he say a word to another human being.

Humiliation and fear were the catalysts of Lim's self-imposed exile. He had entered the University in 1952 to study engineering, as his father in Singapore wished. Lim's father taught school, and his mother took in sewing to pay for the children's education. Lim wanted to go into criminal law, but his parents disapproved. Engineering, especially mathematics, didn't suit Lim, however, and his grades gradually deteriorated to the point where he was in danger of flunking out. He finally could stand the burden of his studies no longer. In the fall of 1955 without formally withdrawing, he stopped going to classes. But in dropping out of school, he felt such humiliation that he could tell no one about his situation—not his parents in Singapore, not the Immigration Office which had issued him a student visa, not the Methodist church which helped finance his education. "Worst of all," Lim later wrote,* "was the fear of hurting and humiliating my parents. They had had high hopes for me. I could not face the fact that because of me my parents and friends had to suffer."

As his idle days went by, Lim continued to live in his rooming house. In addition to his humiliation he began to feel the fear of being discovered a fraud, a non-student posing as a student. And the more days that went by, the greater this terror of being discovered grew. In desperation, he finally attempted to give up his identity. Lim took all his possessions except for a small radio and the clothes on his back and threw them into the Huron River. He then began hiding in the First Methodist Church, of which he had been a member.

Initially he slept behind a stage in the basement of the church, but church activities made him realize he would soon be discovered. He had obtained a master key from his part-time job as church custodian. With this key, he searched the large building complex for a hideout and discovered an attic area where he could live with little fear of being found. It was accessible only through a locked third floor closet, which contained a steel ladder leading to an unused terrace. Across the terrace another locked door led to the attic. Lim had found a place no one was ever likely to visit.

The attic was crudely finished. The only flooring was a three-foot-wide strip of wood planks bisecting the length of the space. Through most of the attic, a complex network of rafters made it impossible to walk erect. Most of the floor consisted of dusty, wool-like insulation.

Here, in September of 1955, Lim made himself a home. He eventually found some discarded church pew cushions for his bed. He prowled the church late at night and obtained leftovers from church dinners to feed him during his four-year stay. He used wooden matchsticks for toothbrushes and a deep sink in the church's janitor's room for baths.

As winter approached he made a makeshift tent lined with tin-foil to help reduce the bitter cold of the ventilated attic. During the summer the attic got to be as hot as it was cold in winter. Lim made fans out of folded pieces of stiff paper and would sometimes spend the entire day

fanning himself to stay cool. His radio was his closest companion; as a devoted Wolverine football rooter, he especially enjoyed listening to the Michigan games in the fall.

But he hated the Detroit Tigers for what he considered their excessive pride. He would listen to every Tiger game and root for the opposition. "The Tigers annoyed me because of their optimism," he wrote. "Each spring they said this was the year, but it never was."

Time also became an obsession with him. In a curiously human way, the time of day became one of his major interests, though he had no appointments to meet.

As month followed month, Lim occupied himself by reading magazines left in the church and books and stories from the church library (but only those with happy endings). He claims never to have left the church building during his four-year occupancy, although this may not be true. The police department reports that in 1958 a person with Oriental features was seen stealing something in the A&P (now Miesels) down the street from the church. He was chased from the store, ran smack into the side of a car on Huron St., but, minus one shoe, nevertheless scampered on across the street and disappeared into the Methodist church.

Although Lim wasn't aware of it, his nocturnal movements through the church were periodically heard by a couple living in the basement apartment of the church. Several times they had called the police after hearing footsteps upstairs in the early morning hours. Although police searched the building, no one was discovered.

But at 5:45 a.m. on August 30, 1959, a Sanford Security officer passing through the building heard footsteps, and the police were again called. Five or six officers arrived this time and systematically searched the church. The search, virtually completed, again appeared to be fruitless, and all but two of the officers had left, when one of them, Norman Olmstead, happened to look up in the closet entrance to Lim's lair and thought he saw a hand closing the door above. He called to his partner, Officer Davies, and they climbed the ladder attached to the closet wall. Discovering the terrace, they found no possible means of escape except through the door on the opposite side. They tried it and found it locked, and had to go back and hunt for a key. When they finally got a key and unlocked the door, it was so dark inside they had to use flashlights to explore the interior. When a few moments later Officer Olmstead heard the ominous snap of his partner's holster, he knew someone had been found.

But what they found was such a shock that, as Officer Olmstead recalls, "I guess we were as scared as he was." Crouching in a recess of the attic was an Oriental man with long disheveled black hair, a silk hat-band wrapped around his head, clothes in tatters, and white women's gloves (prompted, they learned later, by Lim's concern about leaving fingerprints in the church). They handcuffed him and took him to the station, and in a short while the entire nation was aware of Lim's grotesque seclusion.

Lim's four-year self-imprisonment was over. Although he never admitted it, there is some evidence to suggest that at least part of him was eager to be released from his exile. In describing his actions when the police were working their way through the church complex that late August, he said, "They tried every door and I could hear them coming higher and higher. I don't know why, but curiosity made me stand behind the doors on each floor as I retreated. It was before 6 in the morning and I could feel their flashlights following me. In the fire-well leading to the flat roof they saw my door move slightly, but I made it to the loft and lay there under a recess in the framework, scared and trembling." It may well be that notwithstanding Lim's fear of discovery, the hand fleetingly glimpsed by Officer Olmstead was—unconsciously—beckoning to him.

Experiencing his most dreaded fear,

that of exposure, quickly proved to be an unimagined blessing for Lim. The police officers, the University officials, the officials from the Immigration office, and the Methodist church personnel—all were concerned with his welfare. And this is the part of Lim's story the national media, eager to get the bizarre story into print as soon as possible, could barely touch on. Lim was allowed to stay by the U.S. immigration officials and continued his studies. The University re-admitted him, this time in the more compatible School of Literature, Science, and the Arts. The First Methodist Church's Wesley Foundation minister, Eugene Ransom, took Lim into his own home and helped him to readjust to everyday life.

Lim not only went on to get his bachelor's degree, he stayed and obtained a Masters of Business Administration. After graduation, he returned to Singapore and got a job in management with a large firm there. He still sends annual Christmas cards to Rev. Ransom, who now lives in Nashville.

* * *

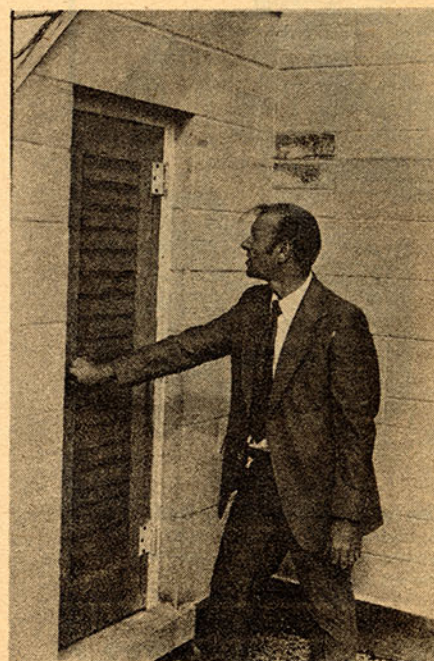
There is an eerie postscript to Lim's story. In doing the story, we thought it would be interesting if Officer Olmstead, who is still with the police department, were to re-visit the scene of Lim's discovery back in 1959. Church officials told us the attic was now boarded up, but we could at least have Officer Olmstead, now Detective Olmstead, pose by the door leading to the hidden attic. So we got together with him one afternoon and the church custodian unlocked the closet door leading to the ladder. We climbed the ladder and stepped out on the terrace and walked over to the door leading to Lim's attic hide-away.

The door, to our surprise, was unlocked. Following Officer Olmstead we crept into the dark, dusty attic. Lim's pew cushion bed was still in place. Scattered around it were newspapers—all of them *Michigan Dailies*, all dating from the summer of 1959.

Next to the bed was a grocery bag—Lim's wastebasket—stuffed full with discarded homemade paper fans, clumps of hair from self-administered hair-cuts, scraps of paper containing lists of movie actresses from the late 1950's, and random multiplications and divisions, apparently to keep in practice. On several sheets we found methodical lists of the 1959 Tiger baseball team—names like Jim Bunning, Al Kaline, Don Mossi—each name preceded by a derogatory epithet.

Alongside the bed we found a pair of Lim's pants, mended so many times that stitches ran in every direction, but still containing so many gaping holes they would make second-class rags.

Detective Olmstead, trained in the art of analyzing evidence for clues and mo-



Ann Arbor Police Detective Norman Olmstead trying the door which 17 years ago led to his discovery of Chheng Guan Lim.

Local History/ Continued

tives, was fascinated by the scene, basically undisturbed since that early August morning seventeen years ago when he and his partner apprehended the miserable young hermit.

There is a mythical, Kafkaesque quality to Lim's four-year seclusion—an amplification of an impulse most of us feel when deeply humiliated. The preserved remains of Lim's four-year self-imprisonment are a vivid lesson in the cost of being dominated by this human emotion.

* All of Lim's quotes in this story are from an article he wrote for *Life* magazine. His article appeared in the September 14, 1959 issue. The fee he received from *Life* for the article helped finance his further education.



Detective Olmstead inspecting the remains of Lim's hideaway.



In the Wetherbee family the county poorhouse was more vivid than a mere figure of speech. This building, shown in the 1874 Washtenaw County Atlas, was where the old county farm and hospital are on Washtenaw near Platt. It reminded young Bert Wetherbee of what could happen if his father found no work.

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Mr. Wetherbee's Boyhood

By HERBERT T. WETHERBEE

In this episode the late Herbert T. Wetherbee recounts anecdotes from the period between about 1895 and 1900, when the Wetherbee family lived in the northwest part of town. Mr. Wetherbee's father was a carpenter, and slow work meant hard times for the whole family. No matter how decrepit, a horse and driving wagon symbolized success just as a new car would today, Mr. Wetherbee tells us.

Dad was always fond of horses and finally got a horse and a second hand buggy. Many were the trips we had through the country on Sundays. Once we drove by the County Farm on Washtenaw Ave. and on passing what was called the poor house, Dad warned us to shun going there. That was for poor people. How close we came to landing there, I have often wondered.

There was a friend of Dad's who had a horse and he loaned it to Dad to form a team. He found an old, two seated phaeton-like buggy with wheels as heavy as those on an Express Wagon. Then it was decided that we should go to Williams-ville to visit Dad's cousins. So grandmother Wetherbee, Mother, Dad, myself and little baby, Frank, started out one morning to drive to Williams-ville about 20 miles away. We started at 7 o'clock in the morning and arrived in Williams-ville that night at 12 o'clock. The old Ark, as I called it, with its load of human freight, was so heavy and the sand roads were so deep we were lucky to get there at all.

We stayed the next day and started home the following day, early in the morning. We got as far as North Lake and it was nearly 5 o'clock in the afternoon. The poor old horses were so tired we stopped along the road near Eisenbizer's farm and stole some corn from his field to feed them. Finally started down the sand road and the horses were having such a hard job to pull the Ark that we all had to get out and walk, just like a circus. Dad walked, driving or leading the horses, Mother carrying Frank in her arms, Grandma a distance behind and I trailing the procession.

We finally reached Dexter, passing under the railroad bridge and up through the town. Stopping along the way every mile or two to let the horses rest, we got home sometime after midnight—just

how, I don't know.

The next day one of the horses dropped dead in the barn. Which horse, I fail to remember and whatever happened to the Ark is still a mystery.

Dad always named his horses after some member of the family, so we had Frank and Molly, Nell, Charlie, Bill and poor old Kit, who drew the Ark.

There was a new subdivision being opened up in the old 3rd ward and we had a family of relatives living up on Gott St., after which the subdivision was named Gott. So Dad had to purchase a lot and build, with a little help, a story and a half house. We all slept up stairs, which was not finished off, and many the times rain and wind storms would start the house rocking. I have watched many times from my cot in the corner, how the wind, when strong enough, would run the baby buggy in which baby Frank slept, up and down the length of the room. During one of the storms they decided we better get out, so in our bed clothes we crossed the road, between showers, to Uncle Ed's home. It was built closer to the ground and didn't rock like ours. However, both houses are still standing.

We stayed there only a short time.

I remember so well the good times I had with the kids. We explored all the surrounding country. There was no river near here but we kids found a place to swim, under the road bridge on 7th St. Dunker's Creek ran under the bridge and washed a hole in the sand, making a place large enough for us to paddle in.

Seventh St. was all sand. We used to catch frogs along the creek and roast their legs on an umbrella rib over a bonfire. Salt, brought from home in a bag, was used on the legs, making fine eating!

We then moved down on Depot St., across from Staebler's Coal Yard. Made it handy for me because we bought our coal by the bushel. I used to get it in a home made, two-wheel, soap box cart at a bushel for 25 cents. This was the fuel for the kitchen and parlor stoves.

I had started to kindergarten in the 3rd ward school while we lived on Gott St. and from there I went into the first grade at St. Thomas School. It was a long walk and when it was stormy, as it was at times, Mother would come to meet me after school. She was afraid of me getting drowned because I had to cross the creek at Hiscock's Coal Yard and it was very swift.

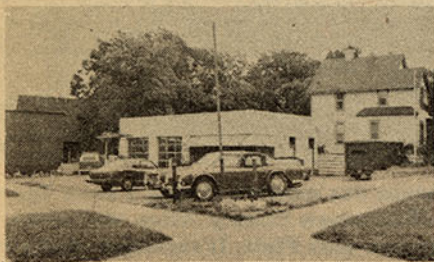
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Streetscape

Environmental Design Advice



Dave Safer, the new owner of this once-abandoned gas station, asked for advice on renovating his building.



The old Pure Oil station at Broadway and Moore is now an attractive barbershop.



The remodelled Amoco station at Main and Catherine is viewed from behind a screen of street trees.

The Tricky Task of Renovating Old Gas Stations

As central city gasoline stations become less profitable economically, finding successful ways to adapt them to new, non-automotive uses becomes more and more important. New owners of these squat, utilitarian buildings which mushroomed in the 1940's and 1950's are faced with the problem of fitting into the surrounding environment a building type that was designed specifically to stand out and be highly visible. These unadorned, white boxy edifices surrounded by concrete certainly do stand out, in glaring contrast to the older sections where they were often built.

Dave Safer, owner of the Old Brick Quality Refinishing, has bought a former Texaco station at Detroit and Kingsley that's very typical: a stucco box with two garage doors, a corner office, and rest rooms around to the side. The garage area suits his furniture refinishing business well, but he knows the outside needs aesthetic help.

He has identified several problems. The building seems awkwardly proportioned, with too much height above the windows and doors, ending abruptly in a flat roof. Dave thought a mansard roof might solve the problem and provide some protection from sun to the west. He wants the property to fit in with the Kerrytown neighborhood better, and the building should have "a certain charm" so that the corner office space would be more attractive to prospective retail tenants (a shop, perhaps, or a take-out food establishment).

With Dave's problem in mind, we spoke about how to approach gas station renovations with two designers of successfully remodelled filling stations. One was landscape architect Clarence Roy of

Johnson, Johnson, and Roy, who several years ago came up with some ideas for redoing the Standard (now Amoco) station at 301 N. Main across the street from his office. The station, dramatically improved in appearance, remains in use as a gas station today.

The other designer we contacted was architect John Hinkley, who this year helped barber Johnny Rush adapt the former Pure Oil station at Broadway and Moore: the corner office is now the barbershop, and the garage houses Jones Auto Detail, where cars are waxed and polished.

Landscaping is the most important design element in renovating gas stations, both designers agreed, and it's a much cheaper means of making a big visual difference than structural changes to the building itself. Clarence Roy said, "Foreground landscaping can reduce the visual impact of paving, so you see it through some kind of landscaping—a canopy of trees, perhaps. Trees also cut down glare through the large window areas most gas stations have. Vines and shrubs soften the boxy lines."

Whenever possible, John Hinkley suggests, the concrete "front yard" of the filling station should be removed. He recommends consolidating the parking areas in one defined place, preferably to the side, and treating the high-visibility corner area with a more attractive surface like grass or brick paving.

Another John Hinkley suggestion was a low 18-inch wall at the front lot line which could define the space in front of the building, create informal seating for passersby, and provide a place for a streetside store and address sign.

Now for the basic building itself. Why

is it that most gasoline stations so totally lack "a certain charm"? Because their facades are blank. They lack detail and shadows.

What to do about it? Break up the block mass with new design elements, add details that cast shadow patterns, and create texture. That was the advice of both designers. Neither was keen on the mansard roof as a solution, however. It casts shadows but doesn't add much other detail. It's awkward and top-heavy when applied to this sort of structure. Besides, the mansard is today's typical design response to the boxy gas station problem, too suburban for the Detroit Street setting, in Clarence's opinion, and by this time already rather banal.

John's solution to gas station aesthetics in the barber shop relied on texture. He used irregular sand-molded brick walls and specified projecting canvas awnings to cast a shadow and add another dimension to the building. On the Amoco station at Main and Catherine, fixed awning-like projections faced with copper were built over windows and doors. They break up the building's mass and cast a shadow, too.

But structural additions and brick-surfaced walls are expensive and not the most cost-effective means of humanizing gasoline stations, both designers emphasized. Color and plantings are higher priorities and don't require professional design assistance. Changing the color from glaring white does a lot. Clarence warns that painting buildings light or bright colors makes them come forward; in the case of the homely gas station, it would be best to keep the building in the background and let attractive landscaping and a tasteful, interesting sign be the focus of attention.

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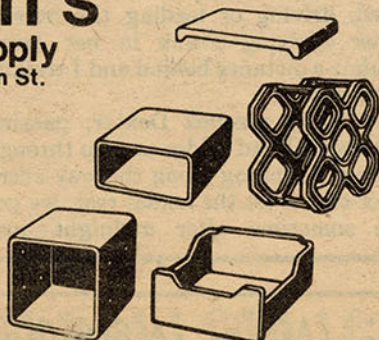
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Streetscape/ Continued

The Main Street Post Office: Beaux-Arts Classic Architecture



The old Post Office at Main and Catherine is an adaptation of an Italian palazzo.

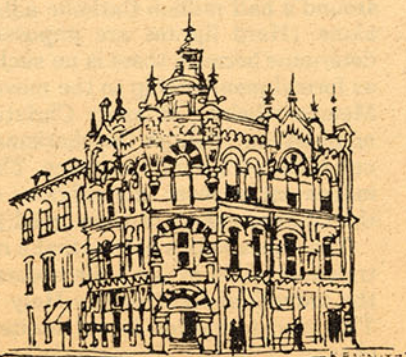
By RICK NEUMANN

Turn to someone near you right now and describe the downtown post office at Main and Catherine. Do you find yourself mumbling "uh...uh...let's see now... it's...well, uh..."? You often drive by and post mail in the drop boxes on the north side, or you wait in line at lunch time to buy stamps, but still, when pressed to describe it, you draw a blank.

Your reaction might suggest that the post office is one of those many forgettable buildings which populate our urban areas. Compared with the Kempf House on Division Street, it is not widely regarded as historic, and it's certainly not eye-catchingly contemporary like the new sign. The post office is a model of the ever, though it may lack a memorable quality, the post office is indeed an interesting, even unique, building downtown. It is one of Ann Arbor's finest examples of the Beaux-Arts Classic architectural

style popular in the early years of this century.

By the end of the nineteenth century, the romantic Victorian attachment to the indiscriminate use of picturesque effect in architecture was waning. A new sense of formal order was sought in building design. The post office is a model of the symmetry, classical simplicity and well-proportioned restraint which characterizes the Beaux-Arts Classic style. Compare this to the frenzied concoction of the 1879 Post Office which the present one replaced in 1906.



The Post Office's predecessor, a Gothic fantasy at Main and Ann.

Architectural historians use the term Beaux-Arts Classic to describe the period beginning just before 1900 and extending through the 1920's. The name comes from

the prestigious Ecole des Beaux-Arts in Paris, the center of architectural education at that time. This style was by no means universally popular; it was one of several styles popular in this period. Together these styles are more generally described as eclectic, which means that they looked back into history for their inspiration. From past styles, eclectic architects selectively chose precedents from which careful adaptations were derived. Designs were either conceived from specific examples existing in Europe, or they were more general adaptations of the spirit of a previous style. Thus the nouveaux riches of the early 1900's, including such names as Vanderbilt, Astor, and Frick, all built palatial residences in styles ranging from English Tudor and French Chateausque to Italian Renaissance.

Ann Arbor's post office, while not as resplendent in its lavishness as many buildings of this period, is nevertheless a handsome adaptation of a classic Italian Renaissance palazzo. The physical characteristics reflecting its derivation include the symmetrical formality, the rectilinear character of the walls and details, the absence of a roof form, the strong horizontal lines of the exterior, and the elaborately decorative detailing, contrasted with the plain, smooth background of the wall surface. Of most outstanding interest on the post office are the large, elaborate window and door openings, the massive cornice projecting out near the top with its small square dentils, and the crowning balustrade or railing at the top of the center portion.

So, next time you pass the post office, take a good look, now that you realize we have a classic Italian Renaissance palazzo right here in Ann Arbor!

Rick Neumann is an architect at Preservation Urban Design. He is also a member of Ann Arbor's Historic District Commission.

Test Of the Town

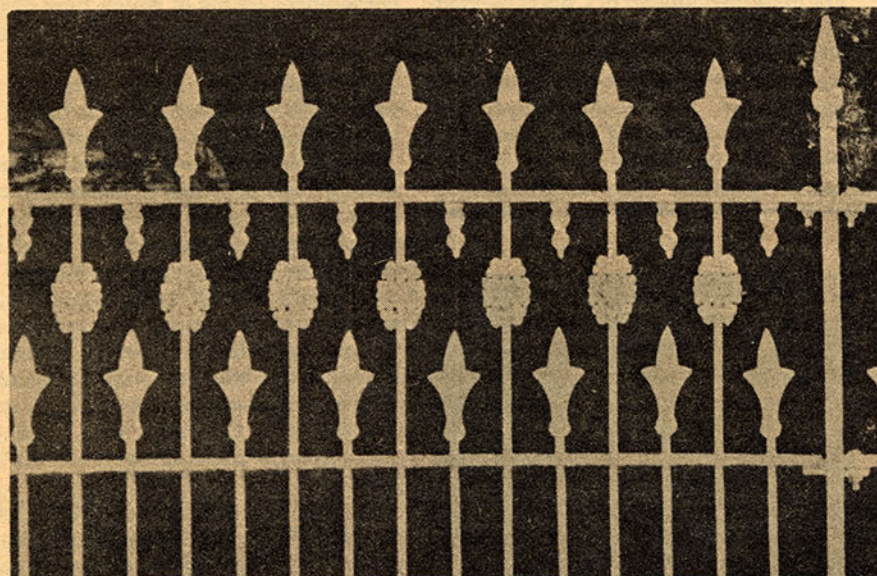
By BOB BRECK

Do you merely look at the Ann Arbor scene, or do you really see the city's many interesting and beautiful buildings and places? *Test of the Town*, to appear every month in the *Observer*, might help to develop your ability to look closely at

some of the unusual and interesting architecture in or near downtown Ann Arbor... and win a prize if you're quick enough with the right answer.

Where was this photo made? Let us know the specific location via postcard or letter to *Ann Arbor Observer*, 502 East Huron, Ann Arbor 48104. Senders of the first two correct answers received will get their pick of any one of the many thousands of records available at Liberty Music Shop, 417 East Liberty.

So start looking for the architectural detail in this issue's photo—which, just to start you in the right direction, is located not too far from the Central Campus.



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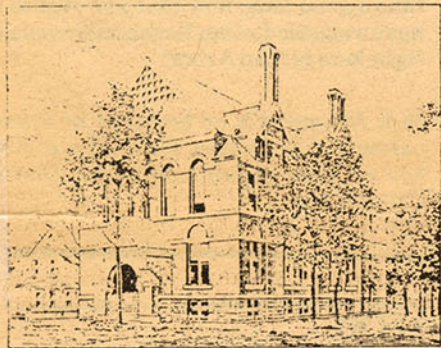
Business

From a Newsletter in 1969 to a Million Dollar a Year Business

Charismatic Renewal Services Is Riding A Spiritual Wave

In this university town, a common catalyst for the formation of businesses has been spinoffs, typically spinoffs linked to University-related research. A new and rapidly growing Ann Arbor firm, however, is a spinoff not of a new technological development but of a spiritual one.

Charismatic Renewal Services, Incorporated, a non-profit firm now located in Harris Hall at East Huron and North State, was founded six years ago with volunteer help. Today it's staffed by 60 employees, and this year it will sell over \$1,000,000 worth of publications and recordings.



Harris Hall in 1898

CRS's dramatic growth parallels the growth of what is called the charismatic renewal, an inter-denominational Christian movement begun in the U.S. in the late 1960's and now world-wide in scope. Charismatic renewal members are now attending prayer-meetings in every state of the Union and in over 75 countries abroad. Members tend to adopt a more fervently Christian lifestyle than that of the typical American churchgoer, a style of life perhaps closest in nature to that of evangelical Protestants.

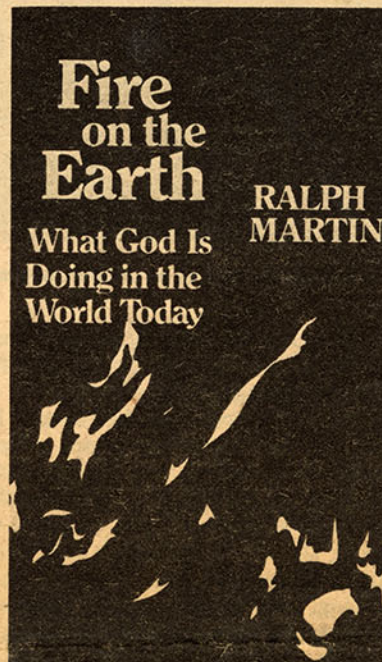
The charismatic movement is a product of the tumultuous 1960's, when there was an upsurge in the number of youth profoundly discontented with the values handed down to them. Although many different systems of belief emerged at

that time to fill the moral vacuum felt by these people, the charismatic renewal movement is one of the few which continues to grow actively today. It now has around a half million Catholic adherents alone. (Hard figures are impossible to determine because there is no such thing as formal membership to the movement. Members belong to many Christian denominations, though the charismatic renewal began among Catholics. Thus the movement is closer to a religious revival than the emergence of a new creed.)

The charismatics believe that a marked transformation in one's life occurs when the individual receives the Holy Spirit. This transformation is not limited to a change in beliefs; it profoundly affects how one approaches life. Leading what they believe is a truly Christian life is something that charismatics don't take for granted. They work at it. And this is where Charismatic Renewal Services fits in. CRS provides educational and inspirational materials for the loose network of charismatic renewal members scattered across the world.

Why is CRS in Ann Arbor? Because the Word of God community is located here. The Word of God community is one of the original and now one of the largest (1400 members) groups in the charismatic renewal movement. The leaders of the Word of God have also provided guidance to the worldwide charismatic renewal movement both through the printed word and through talks.

The origin of these Ann Arbor-based charismatic publications goes back to 1969 when one of the Word of God's founding members, Ralph Martin, began to keep minutes of the monthly statewide charismatic renewal meetings. He would type up these minutes and distribute them to interested people. Demand for this makeshift newsletter increased rapidly, and in June of 1970 the informal sheet was printed up and titled the *Pastoral Newsletter*. As demand for this publication continued to increase, the



decision was made in July of 1971 to expand the format into a magazine called *The New Covenant*.

From this beginning, CRS has grown both in size and in the variety of services it provides. Actually, the Harris Hall operation represents only half of CRS. The other half is in South Bend, Indiana, where the distribution and conference-planning arms of the corporation are located. The CRS board of directors is composed of three distinct elements: members from Ann Arbor's Word of God community, from South Bend's People of Praise community (similar to the Word of God), and from the National Service Committee of the Catholic Charismatic Renewal of the United States.

The general manager of CRS is 36-year-old George Martin (no relation to Ralph Martin), who came to Ann Arbor three years ago. Although he holds a doctorate in philosophy, his previous experience has been in high-level administrative posts in Catholic school systems in Lansing and Oklahoma. His managerial skills

were welcomed in an organization which has grown quickly beyond what anyone had originally imagined.

All employees of CRS in Ann Arbor are Word of God members, and the energy they put into their enterprise is impressive. Motivating employees, Mr. Martin reports, is happily not a managerial problem at CRS.

The Ann Arbor operation of CRS consists of five parts:

1. *New Covenant Magazine*. Now edited by Bert Ghezzi, *New Covenant* has a circulation of 65,000 and comes out monthly. It contains articles about charismatic views on Christian living and news about the charismatic movement.

2. *Book publishing*. Some two dozen books have now been published by CRS under the Word of Life label. Many of the books address traditional Christian topics from a charismatic viewpoint. Thus there are books on prophecy, interpreting the scriptures, and faith. Others deal with more specifically charismatic concerns such as how to participate in a charismatic prayer meeting, on the meaning of being baptized in the Spirit, and on a charismatic approach to parish renewal.

The best-seller so far is *Songs of Praise*, a songbook containing the joyous music most frequently sung and played at charismatic renewal meetings. Close to 140,000 copies have thus far been sold. In second place is *The Life in the Spirit Seminars*, with over 100,000 copies sold. This manual, selling for \$1.95, presents a seven-session seminar developed by Word of God leaders here in Ann Arbor as a sort of introduction to the charismatic experience.

The books CRS publishes are now distributed in some 1500 bookstores across the nation (including Logos Bookstore locally, as well as CRS's own small shop at the front of Harris Hall). Most sales, however, are directly through the hundreds of charismatic prayer groups scattered across the country and world.

3. *Records*. Because music plays an important part in most charismatic prayer-meetings, records of songs sung at meetings are popular among members. The bestselling such record, "New Life," has sold 42,000 copies. CRS also supports its own singing group called The Light-house, which has made several records.

4. *Tapes*. CRS started producing cassette tapes as a means of making available inspirational talks given by various charismatic movement speakers. While these tapes have sold well (at \$4.95 each), more recently tape sales have grown because CRS can almost instantly produce quantities of cassette recordings of talks and conferences. The firm bought four machines, each with the capacity to produce six recordings of a 60-minute talk in just four minutes. This means CRS can take these machines to major charismatic conferences (some of which now draw as many as 30,000 people) and begin selling tapes of a talk just minutes after it is over. Mail orders are also taken. Last year, CRS sold about 40,000 tapes; this year's sales will be over 100,000.

5. *Leadership conferences*. Another service CRS provides is leadership training sessions. People who become involved in the charismatic movement come from all over the world to visit the Word of God community, which many have come to see as a model charismatic community. On one day this August, a 50-member French group was just completing such a visit and a 45-member Australian group was to arrive that afternoon. CRS conducts special training sessions for such guests.

As for the future of CRS, George Martin tells us that he expects there will be continued growth. "Growing hasn't been our problem. Keeping up with the growth has been. I would be happy with a slower rate of growth in the future, so that we could do a better job of doing what we do. But since we are a service organization, we have to try to meet the needs of the movement we serve. And since it continues to grow at a rapid pace, we will have to keep up with it the best we can."



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Business / Continued



One of the first things Jim Rudolph did when he contracted to become Berrocal's agent was to have this case built to display the sculptures in his Centicore store.



Berrocal's villa near Verona, Italy.

Berrocal.

Jim Rudolph: Berrocal's American Apostle

Berrocal was initially wary of this American stranger's audacious request. But after four days of talking, they agreed on a handshake that everything Berrocal sold in the U.S. would be handled through Jim.

Finding galleries interested in showing Berrocal's works has been the least of Jim's worries since he has started marketing the sculptures throughout the U.S. Many more galleries are interested in displaying Berrocals than availability permits. One of Jim's concerns is in selecting appropriate galleries. He will only allow galleries showing works of internationally-known artists to display Berrocal sculptures.

Since Jim's initial meeting with Berrocal, they have become good friends. Besides four visits a year to Verona, Jim talks to him frequently on the phone, as his \$400 a month international phone bill will testify. Berrocal has faithfully honored their business contract in the three and one half years since their agreement. Every American request for his works is relayed directly to Jim. Berrocal's fidelity was demonstrated a few months ago

shortly after Jim had shown some Berrocals to Nieman-Marcus executives in Dallas. A few weeks later their Florence buyer was directed to contact Berrocal independently. The artist refused to talk with them and directed them back to Jim. A subsequent two-week Berrocal show organized by Jim at Nieman-Marcus resulted in sales of \$70,000.

Jim has already sold several thousand Berrocal figures across the country. Most of the sales are to the 110 galleries which now carry Berrocals, but over 2000 have been sold directly through the Maynard Street Centicore store. Some of these sculptures have cost as much as \$40,000, but the 4-inch mini-sculptures, signed, in editions of 9500, and costing about \$200 each, are most popular.

Marketing Berrocals is now a full-time job for Jim. The time spent setting up new contacts with galleries, lecturing on Berrocals (he is the most knowledgeable American when it comes to Berrocal's works), and opening shows (it takes some amount of time simply to show how to assemble and demonstrate these unusual sculptures) keeps Jim from spending

much time with bookstore matters. Each Centicore store has a manger, and Jim's wife Adrienne oversees the business.

This change in the course of his career has been an altogether agreeable one to Jim. He is, to use his word, "impassioned" by these works of art, and his enthusiasm shows through when he displays them. "I've spent hours showing them to people who didn't have two nickels to rub together," he says. "I'm having more damn fun than I've ever had in my life."

To be the exclusive American agent for a famous and prolific European sculptor, to visit him regularly at his magnificent Italian estate, to travel around the United States attending gallery and exhibit openings—this is an enviable position for a lover of art. No one could relish the role more fully than Jim Rudolph, owner of the two Centicore Bookstores in Ann Arbor.

The 44-year-old Spanish-born Berrocal is considered one of the dozen or so top living sculptors in the world. When he first saw Berrocal's work in New York in 1965, Jim had been a serious art collector

for some 20 years. Although most of these years had been spent in the chemical business, art has always been a deep-seated interest of Jim's, and no doubt it was one factor which led him to give up prior business pursuits and purchase the Centicore stores four years ago.

Jim's first exposure to Berrocal's sculptures made him an instant disciple. The heavy metal figures—some abstract, some quite realistic—are composed of many individually-cast interlocking pieces. They can be repeatedly assembled and taken apart, resulting in a richly pleasurable experience on many levels: visual, of course, but also tactile and intellectual, in that each sculpture is like a sophisticated puzzle. That Jim would especially respond to these structurally complex works of art might be indicated by the curious mixture of degrees he acquired: a B.S. in civil engineering from Dartmouth followed by a Ph.D. in French literature from the Sorbonne.

Four years ago Jim bought a number of Berrocal sculptures in Paris to take back to Ann Arbor. These acquisitions, he soon found, interested not only him but many of his acquaintances, so Jim tried to obtain more sculptures directly from Berrocal to sell at Centicore. After repeated attempts to contact Berrocal by mail brought no response, Jim tried to call him at his estate near Verona, Italy, and order some directly. Again he was unsuccessful. In exasperation, he phoned one last time and told Berrocal he was taking the next plane to Italy. When Jim arrived by train at the Verona station, the unpredictable Berrocal was there himself to meet him.

On the plane to Italy an inspiration struck Jim that would completely change his future. Instead of asking if he could buy Berrocal sculptures to sell in North America, why not offer to become Berrocal's exclusive American agent? Such an agreement would be unusual, if not unique, for a major artist, but Jim figured that his own genuine zeal in promoting the sculptures would vastly increase the sales of Berrocals, which were much better known in Europe than in the States. And through this arrangement, Berrocal would be relieved of the problems in dealing with many separate American galleries, and at the same time make his works as widely available as possible. Mass distribution is part of Berrocal's philosophy of art. The smaller "mini" and "micro" versions of his work are produced in editions of thousands, making them available at a cost of as little as \$150, a fraction of the cost of the works of other major sculptors.



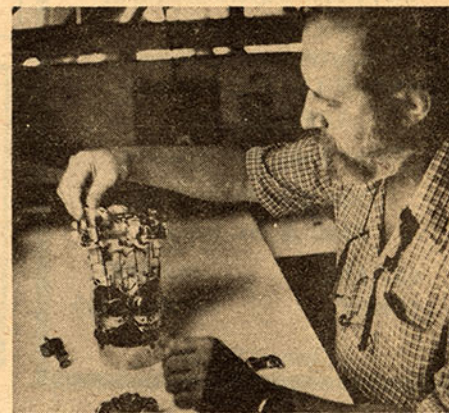
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Leisure

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Take a Drive in the Country This Fall

City living means more when you get out and enjoy the countryside. We're suggesting a trip which could easily take all day if you do it right by getting out of the automobile to explore areas by foot. Only then can you enjoy the sounds and smells and closeup views of plants, animals, and buildings that make it all worthwhile.

The route is picturesque, and it includes some dirt roads. For a good map showing state parks, Metroparks, and country roads, get the regional HCMA Metropark Guide and Road Map, available at the Chamber of Commerce, 207 E. Washington. Think about bringing along a tasty picnic lunch. The Waterloo Recreation Area has some beautiful picnic spots.

The Huron River Drive follows the river from Ann Arbor to Dexter, past Delhi and Dexter Metroparks. The drive is scenic, and the rocky rapids and old iron bridge at Delhi Mills, just at the park entrance, are a pleasant place to pause.

When you come to the big new bridge, turn south (left) and you'll see the Dexter Cider Mill.

DEXTER CIDER MILL



The Dexter Cider Mill.

Cider and doughnuts naturally accompany a fall drive in the country. The Dexter Cider Mill is conveniently located for this trip, just where the bridge over the Huron leads into Dexter.

The mill is over a hundred years old at least, and the Wagner family has owned and operated it for 75 of them. Fred Wagner and his wife run it now, from

September 1 to December 1. Their unpasteurized cider has no preservatives; it can be had filtered or unfiltered (with or without tiny particles of crushed apple, said to aid the fermenting process). The Wagners buy apples from growers for their cider. They also will grind and press people's apples into cider for them, in quantities of 15 bushels or more.

Mrs. Wagner is happy to show people how the cider is made. Thursday and Friday are the best days for that.

On fine Sunday afternoons the lines of people waiting have been known to get pretty long. Slow doughnut production caused the tie-ups, Mrs. Wagner says, and she hopes a second doughnut machine will take care of that problem this year.

The spring freeze and summer drought have made cider more expensive this year. At Dexter, it's \$1.95 a gallon, \$1.10 a half gallon. Doughnuts cost \$1.35 a dozen.

Drive under the stone bridge as you go north from downtown Dexter. You'll pass Judge Samuel Dexter's mansion with its two-story columned portico to your left. Judge Dexter was the moralistic New England land speculator and politician who founded Dexter in 1825.

In a few hundred yards Dexter-Pinckney and Island Lake Roads meet. Take the left fork onto Island Lake Road, which has several beautiful old farmhouses and an unusual barn.

You can turn west onto Waterloo Road and go directly to the Waterloo Recreation Area. But if it's Sunday afternoon, you can take a special little side trip. Continue northwest on Island Lake Road, and be sure an ambiguous intersection doesn't trick you into easing left onto Werkner Road. When you get to North Territorial, go west (left) about a mile to Embury Road, turn right onto Embury, and you'll come to the station of the Lake Shore and Lyndon Central Railroad.

LAKE SHORE AND LYNDON CENTRAL RAILROAD

The Lake Shore and Lyndon Central Railroad is one of the nation's smaller but most enjoyable lines. It has $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile of tracks running through the hilly country behind Don Drew's farmhouse at 19130 North Territorial Road, and it runs Sunday afternoons from 12:20 to 6 PM. The little coal-burning steam locomotive

leaves the station at 20-minute intervals for a run through a natural landscape of knobby hills and stunted cedars that seems uncannily scaled to fit the $\frac{1}{4}$ scale train. The locomotive is the American type 4-4-0, similar to the well-known "General" used widely in the 1880's and 1890's.



The station of the Lake Shore and Lyndon Central Railroad.

Don Drew has been a rail fan all his life. He started out firing boilers for the Michigan Central in 1928, then switched to fueling stationary industrial and institutional boilers. He developed the Lake Shore and Lyndon Central as a weekend pastime. The railroad operates each Sunday through October 17 or October 24, depending on when freezing weather requires that the boiler be drained for winter.

All fares are 50 cents. The railroad, at 19130 N. Territorial Road, is just west of the intersection with Island Lake Road.

WATERLOO RECREATION AREA

The extensive and generally undeveloped Waterloo Recreation Area is best reached from Waterloo Road. When you come to the intersection with Bush Road, turn south; signs will direct you to the Area Headquarters.

Fall may well be the ideal time to visit this splendid natural area of glacial hills, lakes, and marshes. Cold nights will have vanquished the mosquitoes, and the swarms of summertime visitors are also gone. The autumn color change has already begun with the sumac in September. Migrating birds frequent the marshes.



View across Mud Lake from a picnic site in the Waterloo Recreation Area.

The Waterloo Recreation Area may seem confusing and hard to grasp for motorists passing by on Waterloo Road. A special map of the area is a great help. Write for one, or pick it up at the Area Headquarters on McClure Road. Though the office is closed on weekends, hiking and hunting maps are in holders on the front

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door. The maps also indicate campsites, picnic areas, and access points to lakes.

Another brochure describes the mile-long Hickory Hills Nature Trail, which begins just west of the office. The pamphlet tells about interesting natural phenomena concerning the forests and lakes you'll see along the way.

The hiking trails are far less improved than the Nature Trail. No well-trodden paths or railroad tie embankments here. White blazes on trees mark the way, and if you lose the blazes, better retrace your steps right away and get back on the trail. Most of its 15-mile length the trail is simply a footpath; in some places it follows a seldom-used road.

If you don't have much time, we'd recommend a walk on the Nature Trail and a drive down McClure Road. But you may be so taken with this lovely area of woods and lakes that you'll want to come back and camp before it gets cold.

For maps and more information, contact
Waterloo Recreation Area
16345 McClure Road Route 1
Chelsea, Michigan 48118

Next, turn north from McClure Road onto Loveland Road, which leads directly into the village of Waterloo. Follow the road around the mill pond, and you'll come to the 138-year-old Waterloo mill.

BLOCKSMSA MILLWORKS

The village of Waterloo was one of the many hopeful Michigan pioneer settlements formed during the great land rush that peaked in 1836. Whereas other places have blossomed into towns and cities or disappeared altogether, Waterloo stayed a rural village of hardly a hundred inhabitants, with a layout and spatial configuration little changed since the mid-1800's.



The Waterloo Mill Pond and the Blocksma Millworks.

The old gristmill (erected in 1838 and now said to be Michigan's oldest surviving mill) underwent some changes over the years, including picture windows when it became a gas station. Now Carter and Dewey Blocksma have transformed it into a showroom and workshop for their crafts. Dewey, who works as a doctor in an emergency room on weekends, is a sculptor. Working in wood, he carves fanciful figures that seem inspired by Northern European folk tales. He also makes funny soft toy vehicles that roll lumpily across the floor. Carter Blocksma, a woodworker, designs and makes custom furniture. One of his latest crea-

tions is a distinctive type of flexible wood and fabric chair that hangs from the ceiling.

The Blocksma brothers have done much to refurbish and repair the old mill, which Dewey bought last year. The turbine used to run the milling machinery still remains, together with the old millstones and some sifting machinery. Dewey hopes to get it running again and then to revive the original use of the building as a grist mill, when farmers brought their buckwheat and rye there to be ground for their own use.

The Blocksma Millworks is open daily from 10 to 6; closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

Behind the mill the Waterloo-Munith Road runs directly past the Waterloo Farm Museum.

WATERLOO FARM MUSEUM PIONEER DAY



The Waterloo Farm Museum and Perkins Windmill.

The Waterloo Farm Museum is open regularly only in summer, but on the second Sunday of October (October 10 this year) for the past fifteen years it has celebrated the harvest and the end of the summer's work in a big way.

They call it Pioneer Day. It's a homecoming for the area's people, and lots of them from miles around come to demonstrate long-outmoded skills, or to sell some produce, or to entertain. This year there will be people at work on 19th-century crafts: rug hookers, basket makers, woodcarvers, spinners, weavers, and quilters—makers of butter, sauerkraut, and soap—oxteams and wagon rides for children—a Civil War drill team from Brighton—music, by the Stockbridge Bicentennial Chorus, by a wandering fiddler, by the state's oldest musical organization, the Waterloo Band (anyone who wants can bring an instrument to play).

People bring baked goods, vegetables, plants, and other things to sell. There are cider and doughnuts and a lunch wagon, too.

The farmhouse will be shown. It's an authentic assemblage of cultural artifacts and rooms from hard-working, self-consciously proud Midwestern farmers of the last century. The care taken by local people to recreate a realistic 19th century farmhouse is extraordinary.

It all begins on Pioneer Day about 12:30. COME EARLY, we are told. Thousands of people will be there.

On other days the farm museum is closed, but the yard is worth a look. There's a wonderful restored Perkins windmill, also the original milk cellar, a newly-erected log bake house, and an old barn. The house was built in 1855 by a German

farmer who with his six sons and daughters worked hard and became quite prosperous.

Behind the house stretches part of the Great Portage Marshes. These marshlands were once economically valuable as pasture lands and sources of natural, native marsh hay for dairy stock. But marshes lost their economic importance after wells lowered the water table, new pasture grasses were introduced, and mechanized farming made reaping by hand impractical. Many marshy farms in the Waterloo area have been taken over by the state for recreational land, beginning in the 1930's. The state acquired this farm, too, when the last family members died, and the house would have been demolished were it not for the vision of two area women who saw its possibilities as a living community museum.

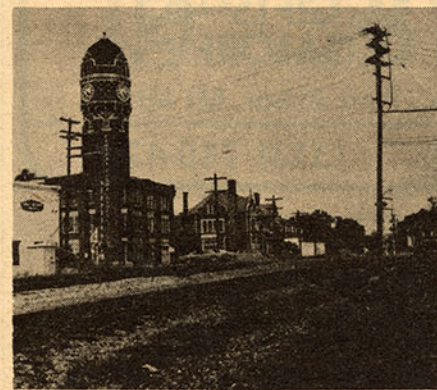
At this point the tour heads back to Ann Arbor. You're less likely to get lost if you just head back to Waterloo and take Waterloo Road to M-52, then turn south (right) onto M-52 into Chelsea.

CHELSEA

Chelsea has some splendid old buildings, and most of them are self-tributes to Frank P. Glazier, a man whose grandiosity ultimately led to his downfall. At the turn of the century he owned much of Chelsea: the Glazier Stove Company, the local bank, and other real estate as well. He used these extensive holdings to buy and build a power base in county and state Republican politics.

An expansive personality, Glazier left his mark on his environment with architecture on a substantial, almost monumental scale. This was not unusual in great industrial metropolises of that era, but it was most uncommon in small country towns. Thanks to Glazier, Chelsea has several impressive buildings: a fine fieldstone bank, the Methodist Church, and the Chelsea Methodist Home. But his most extraordinary monument was the Glazier Stove Company itself: a landmark of a factory building with an embellished illuminated clock-tower right on Main Street and, next to it, an employees' recreation building that imitates the great public buildings of Dutch and North German Renaissance architecture.

Glazier's own ambitions finally did him in when he overextended himself financially. In 1906, shortly after he became State Treasurer, Glazier's political rivals arranged for all loans made to him to fall due at the same time. He was jailed for embezzlement, his business empire fell apart, and his political career was ruined.



The one-time Glazier Stove Company (left) and its employees' recreation building (right) in Chelsea.

You could take I-94 home from Chelsea, but Jackson Road is almost as fast and certainly more interesting. Abandoned motels and roadside cafes from the 1930's and 1940's testify to the time before 19 when Jackson Road was a major east-west highway between Detroit and Chicago.

Jackson intersects with M-52 on the southern outskirts of Chelsea, where there's a large supermarket on the corner. But the street sign says "Old US-12." Never mind, that's Jackson Road. Turn east onto it.

In about three miles you'll pass through Lima Center, which consists of a few houses, a church, and an odd building with a tower. Between 1901 and the late 1920's the Interurban electric railway ran from Ann Arbor to Jackson (and actually from Detroit to Chicago). The tracks went down the middle of Jackson Road. Midway between Jackson and Ann Arbor, in the post-office hamlet of Lima Center, a transformer station was built, which, converted into a residence, still stands today.

Leisure Notes

Author Barbara Norman will talk about "The Writing of Napoleon and Talleyrand: The Last Two Weeks" on October 5 in the "Booked for Lunch" series at the Ann Arbor Public Library. Her book, published this year, presents a dramatic view of the final days of conflict between the two men, which led to Napoleon's defeat. Miss Norman will give an inside view of how she, as a history writer, determined her approach to her subject and how she researched and wrote the book. The program runs from 12:10 to 12:50 in the downstairs meeting room. Free coffee and tea is served.

The big used book sale held each year by the AAUW (American Association of University Women) will be held in the Michigan Union ballroom on October 21, 22, and 23 this year. Thursday and Friday hours are from noon to 9 PM; Saturday is from 9 to noon. Donations of books, magazines, and records are still being accepted. Call Susan Bilakos at 761-3790.

A new art rental gallery at the Ann Arbor Art Association's Gallery Shop, 117 W. Liberty, will make it easier to try out a painting or sculpture in your home or office without irrevocably committing a considerable amount of money. Purchasing art can be intimidating. What if your purchase doesn't seem comfortable in its new surroundings? What if you don't like it after all? Art rentals are an obvious solution. Pat Due and Jean Lau of the Art Association have introduced the idea to Ann Arbor. Two-month rental fees range from \$10 to \$25, and the rental fee applies toward the purchase price. Gallery hours are 10-4 daily, 10-1 on Saturday.

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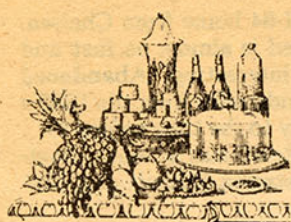
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Food & Drink



Martha Quackenbush tends the counter at the Sun Bakery.

The Return Of the Corner Bakery

The common lament around here among those who appreciate home-made breads and pastries has been the decline in number during the last several years of honest-to-God bakeries in Ann Arbor, downtown or elsewhere. Dependable Quality Bakery has been the only game in town for so long that most of us have forgotten what it was like to be able to buy a loaf of bread on one corner one week and a coffecake somewhere else the week after.

Happily, the situation is changing for the better. Several new establishments have sprung up which deserve the attention of any serious seeker of things which rise in the oven. Today the subject is the Sun Bakery, recently transplanted from its nearly-hidden home on Maynard to the handsome refurbished building at Fifth and Liberty.

The Sun provides tangible (and tasty) proof that a group of people who make decisions cooperatively can produce a superior product. Nick Puscas, managing partner in the enterprise, stresses that everyone involved, bakers and front-counter people included help formulate policy.

What sets the Sun apart from most other bakeries is its refusal to use preservatives of any kind and, in the words of Nick Puscas, its use of only good, natural ingredients: honey and maple syrup as sweeteners, whole grain flour, pure corn oil, and butter. Although the partners are not adverse to making profits, they want to point out that their prime motivation is to make good food available.

The breads (except for French bread) are made from whole-grain flour, as are the pastries, fruit-filled and otherwise. Forget every experience you've ever had with un-chewable and much-too-heavy "goodforyou" bread. The Sun is making a very tasty product, and it offers a surprisingly varied counterful of delights. This visitor can personally attest to the merit of any of the breakfast rolls, the apple cinnamon-raisin cakes and the whole wheat bread. The Sun's sweets can be enjoyed without feeling guilty about consuming non-food edibles containing over-refined flour and sugar.

The proprietors have done wonders with their building, a former dry cleaning establishment, by introducing polished wood flooring plus elegant glass, handsome doors, and interesting old light fixtures, all salvage materials. The pleasant interior is worth a visit. The bread and rolls aren't likely to disappoint, either. —J.F.

Meal of the Month



Art Carpenter enjoys a cigar after the meal.



Kevin and Sean Carpenter like spaghetti.

The Oyster Bar and Spaghetti Machine: Fun for the Carpenters

Art Carpenter developed Kerrytown because he wanted Ann Arbor to have an exciting place to shop for food. He and his wife Eugenia wanted a good cookware store, and they helped start Kitchen Port. Mostly they like to entertain by cooking at home, but when they go out, they like the Oyster Bar and Spaghetti Machine, tucked away in the basement of the Rubaiyat restaurant, with its inconspicuous entrance around the corner at 301 W. Huron. Greg Fenerli owns both restaurants.

Art is a lawyer, and he likes to eat at the Oyster Bar and Spaghetti Machine for lunch sometimes when he doesn't eat in his office or at home. It's open Wednesday through Friday for lunch. "The food is excellent," Art says. "You can hear yourself talk, and the tables are big enough that you can spread a pad out and write."

The Carpenter family finds it a fun place to eat in the evening. The atmosphere is informal and fine for kids. Italian opera favorites are played in a rustic Italian setting, with rough stucco walls, baskets and copper pots hanging from beams, and red checkered tablecloths.

Eugenia Carpenter, a political science researcher on health care systems, likes the Oyster Bar and Spaghetti Machine's veal, cooked medium rare. (The menu warns, "If you do not like rare veal, please order something else.") Sons Kevin and Sean Carpenter, pupils at Eberwhite School, like the home-made spaghetti machine best of all.

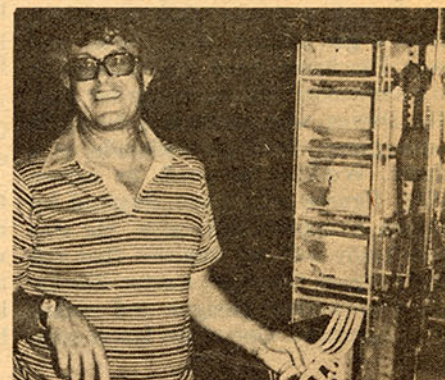
The machine is a tall, clanky device quite unlike the commercially-manufactured pasta machines. Greg Fenerli, a consulting engineer for Gerganoff Brothers as well as the restaurant's owner and chief cook, designed the machine together with physicist John Bardwick. The pasta dough goes in at the top and moves down a three-foot shaft between four pairs of rollers which knead it thoroughly before it's finally cut into long ribbons of noodle or spaghetti. The freshly-made pasta, Greg tells us, doesn't take nearly as long to cook as commercial dry pasta, and it doesn't stick. He cooks it in just 50 seconds in water just below boiling.

October 1, 1976 marks three big anniversaries for Greg. On that day 26 years ago he arrived in America from Greece. Sixteen years ago on that same date he opened the Rubaiyat restaurant, then located at 229 S. Main, where the Real Seafood Co. is today. Two years ago on October 1 he started the Oyster Bar and

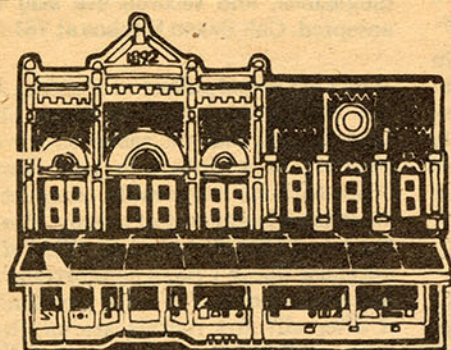
Spaghetti Machine, at a time when his business as a consulting engineer was slow. "I was bored," he explained. "I had to do something for myself. There is a very permanent, excellent staff at the Rubaiyat, so I decided to open a new restaurant in the basement." Using sauces, salads, and some other dishes prepared in the Rubaiyat's kitchen, he can run the whole show downstairs from the six-by-seven foot kitchen where he cooks veal and pasta.

Greg attributes much of the restaurant's success to the friendly and competent staff. "We are a commune here. We all work together," he proclaimed with benevolent idealism. "Of course, I am the king. It's a social dictatorship." That arrangement works out fine, he reports. "We always ask everybody's opinion, and I have the veto power."

The Oyster Bar and Spaghetti Machine serves spaghetti in fourteen different ways, ranging from simple (with tomato sauce, for \$3.15) to complex (with pesto, a nut-cheese-olive oil-butter combination, for \$4.50; with clams and wine sauce, \$4.95). Senior citizens get \$1.00 off main dishes, children's dishes are reduced \$1.25 in price. Veal dishes range from \$4.75 to \$4.95 and include a side order of spaghetti. All dinners include French bread and a trip to the salad bar.



Greg Fenerli demonstrates his spaghetti machine.



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